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THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS.

THE BOOK

OF

BRITISH BALLADS.

EDITED BY S. C. HALL, ESQ.

WITH PRELIMINARY REMARKS TO EACH BALLAD, AND AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

PARK BENJAMIN.

NEW YORK:

1844.

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INTRODUCTION.

"BALLAD," a word introduced into our language shortly after the conquest of England by the Normans, is derived from the Italian *ballàta*, which signifies literally a dance. Dr. Johnson gives the French *balade*, a song, as the original. The light and easy movement of the verse, framed for singing, suggested the application of the Italian word. Of old, it was applied indifferently to poetry of a gay and of a serious character. The Song of Solomon, Dr. Watts assures us, was once called a Ballad—the name being given to what was sacred and solemn, as well as to what was trivial and profane. On this head we may accept the statement of the learned divine; but we cannot agree with him in the opinion that the term "is now applied to nothing but trifling verse." Such an epithet may not with truth be proposed to poems so beautiful, pathetic, and oftentimes sublime, as many in the present volume.

The ballad may be considered as the native poetry of Great Britain. It very closely resembles the metrical productions of primitive days, being the rude, uncultivated verse, in which the popular tale of the times was recorded. As our Anglo-Saxon ancestors partook of the fierce and warlike character of the Northern nations, the subjects of their poetry would naturally consist of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national history, deeply tinctured with that passion for the marvellous, and that superstitious credulity, which always attend a state of ignorance and barbarism. To the antiquarian lore and indefatigable research of Dr. Percy; to the love of song, and wonderful attainments of Sir Walter Scott, we owe the preservation of many ancient ballads, in which the character of their nations display themselves in striking colours. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favorite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight-errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the man of taste.

When language became refined, and poetical taste elevated by an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors, the subjects of the Epic muse were no longer dressed in the homely garb of the popular ballad, but assumed the borrowed ornament and stately air of heroic poetry, and every poetical attempt in the sublime and beautiful was an imitation of the classic models. The native verse of the country was used only for the humorous and the burlesque; and the term ballad was, by custom, brought to signify a comic story, told in low, familiar language, and wedded to a droll, popular melody. It was much in vogue among the wits of the time as a vehicle for laughable ridicule and mirthful satire; and a great variety of the most pleasing specimens of this kind of writing is to be found in the ballads of that witty epoch of English genius, comprehended between the beginning of Charles the Second's reign and the times of Swift and Prior. Subsequent to that period, the genius of the English nation has chiefly been characterised by the correct, elegant and tender; and a real or affected taste for beautiful simplicity has almost universally prevailed. This has produced several serious imitations of the old ballad, diverted, however, in its general subject, from the story of martial adventure to tales of love and tenderness. That is a just taste, founded upon a real observation of nature, which enjoins simplicity of expression in every attempt to enlist the sympathetic emotions; ornament and glitter are out of place, and the artificial prettinesses of language interrupt, if they do not altogether destroy, the effect of a story told in verse. Shakspeare, speaking of a popular ballad in *Twelfth Night*, gives perhaps a better description of what this species of poetry ought to be than could be given in an elaborate essay:

> "Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;
> The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
> And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
> Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of love,
> Like the old age."

Most of the ballads in this collection are imitations. Indeed, not one of them can be said to be given in its original state; for the uncouth expressions would render them almost unintelligible. The ancient spelling is retained for the purpose, as I presume, of imparting quaintness, but in each story there are improvements and additions which would be sufficiently evident, even if the honesty of the various modern editors had not made us aware of the fact. Most of them are singular specimens of pure English. They contain not many French words, and what there are, are completely broken into the harness of the metre, and subdued to

Saxon construction. They are more difficult to translate than any other kind of English poetry. I should like to see what work a clever Frenchman would make with Chevy Chase and "the fine old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." The rendering of "Hail, horrors, hail," from Paradise Lost, into "Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs," and of the witches' warning to Macbeth into "Monsieur Macbeth, prenez garde de Monsieur Macduff," and of "there's not a mouse stirring," into "il n'y a pas un rat qui trotte," are doubtless fair specimens of what might be done. Yet the Norman *trouveurs* and Provencal Troubadours—the latter being greatly excelled by the former—were the first poets who composed metrical romances. At least so it is said; though it may well be supposed that, among all nations, traditions of war and love were turned into poetry and sung long before the birth of civilization. In many instances a similarity has been found in the stories of different nations, most widely asunder. But these are coincidences, not to be wondered at. "The migrations of Science," says Campbell, in his admirable essay on English poetry, "are difficult enough to be traced; but Fiction travels on still lighter wings, and scatters the seeds of her wild flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with regularity in regions the most remotely divided."

The book herewith presented to the American reader, is reprinted from two volumes edited by S. C. Hall, Esq. and magnificently illustrated with Wood Engravings. Mr. Hall's books, published in London in 1842 and 1843, are far too expensive for the means of any but wealthy persons. They are printed in quarto, and are chiefly occupied with the illustrations, which occur on every page. The proportionate space taken up by the letter-press is inconsiderable; it is all copied, without the omission of a single ballad, in this volume. I have not thought it necessary to retain Mr. Hall's preliminary observations: since they seemed to me to contain a good deal of irrelevant matter. For the sake of uniformity, each of his introductions is made to fill two pages; and some of them are consequently condensed, and some are curious specimens of how a few ideas may be beaten out, like gold wrought into leaf, over a large space. The "preliminary remarks to each ballad," here given, are as brief and comprehensive as they could be made. I indulge the hope, that not a few will be gratified with this republication of many of the most delicious poems in our language, compressed, as they are, into a neat and accessible shape.

Mr. Hall has executed his task with much skill and taste. He was indebted to Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," and to Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish

Border," for the majority of his specimens; and he has had the tact to add to the charm of his performance by giving also a few modern ballads by distinguished contemporaneous poets. Some very successful verses of a similar kind have been produced in America; and I should have been tempted to join them to this collection, had it not been forbidden by the title. It is my design, with the consent of their authors, to make a collection of them at no distant day, under the title of "The American Book of Ballads." I wish it could be called the Book of American Ballads; but our authors have, in many instances, gone abroad for their subjects.

The few remarks with which this preface is begun have no claim to originality: they are thrown out as suggestions for something better from abler and more instructive pens. There have been many commentators on the ancient poetry of Britain, and it has given rise to many controversies. An account of these would require more space than the ballads themselves, and would possess but little interest for the general reader. Sir Walter Scott's Dissertation on Popular Poetry, prefixed to the late editions of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, is the most satisfactory source of information with which I am acquainted; it reviews all that has been urged by Dr. Percy, Ritson, and others, gives an account of the various editions which have appeared from the earliest to the latest; and, like every other effort of his brilliant pen, pours a flood of light upon the subject, banishing its obscurities, and "making that brighter which was bright before."

It is a striking feature of the more ancient of these poems, that, although the productions of a barbarous age, they are free from moral objections; they are alike undegraded by rudeness and undebased by indecency. They seem to have been composed for a more refined and delicate class of hearers than the playgoers even of Massinger's time. I am inclined, therefore, to the belief, that the minstrels by whom they were sung were "an order of men, who were greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and their music." That was a sad day for the British muse, when "the lay of the last minstrel" was indeed sung. Poetry, with the progress of luxury, became more cultivated, more adorned, more choice in its phrases, more dainty in its construction, but less sincere, less pure, less elevating, and less honored by the people to whose sentiments and passions it was addressed. A revival of a taste for ballad-writing would have a most beneficial influence on the elegant literature of the day; and there are indications in this book that so desirable a result may be anticipated.

I have alluded to the efforts which have been made by our own poets, and I trust that the present publication will induce others. The topics which our history presents, are numerous and appropriate. Indeed, the almost daily occurrences of social life present fertile sources for the modern minstrel. Lovers are as faithless as ever, maids as cruel, widows as kind; and on every leaf which is turned over by the strong hand of Time, are inscribed as many events of heart-moving pathos, unselfish affection, sublime fortitude, courage, constancy, and truth.

THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS.

CHEVY-CHACE.

It is not an easy matter to determine the date, at which this beautiful and spirit-stirring ballad was composed. Neither can we clearly ascertain in what proportion history and fiction have contributed to its embellishment. At the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388 during the reign of Richard the Second, the Earl of Douglas was killed, and Earl Percy taken prisoner; and there is no record of another personal encounter between noblemen "of that ilk." Yet cannot that battle be expressly commemorated herein, since the song itself bears internal evidence that the events described did not occur under a Richard. "Like tydings to King Henry came." Probably, upon the historical fact were grafted the details of some border feud, without nice attention to chronological correctness. Froissart thus alludes to the circumstances connected with the fight at Otterbourne, so strongly exemplifying the chivalrous spirit of that age. "The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy; and in the end, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The Earl of Douglas said, 'I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my Castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far.' 'By God, Earl Douglas,' replied Sir Harry, 'you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland.' 'You must come, then,' answered Earl Douglas, 'this night, and, if you will, venture to take it away.'" This ballad, like many others, comes before us in a partially modern dress. In its ancient form it won the admiration of Sir Philip Sidney, himself the soul of chivalry, though he speaks of it as "beeing so evill apparrelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age." Addison and Sir Walter Scott have both commended it in the highest terms. But we need not any critical commendations. For hundreds of years past it has been one of the most popular ballads of the British people. For hundreds of years to come it must retain its popularity, if a happy combination of beauty, vigour, and simplicity can ensure its hold upon their regard and their memories.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all:
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scottland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere:
On Munday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deere againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their reare, with speciall care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, 'Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.'
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

'Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:'
'Then cease your sports,' Erle Percy said,
'And take your bows with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett,
In Scottland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.'

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Show me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere.'

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, 'Wee list not to declare,
Nor show whose men wee bee:

Yet will wee spend our dearest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oathe,
And thus in rage did say,—

'Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art,
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.'
'Accurst bee he,' Erle Percy sayd,
'By whome this is denyed.'

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, 'I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You two bee erles,' quo' Witherington,
'And I be squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.'

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
How each one chose his spere,
And how the blood out of their brests
Did gush like water cleere.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wode, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feele.

'Yeela thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas sayd;
'In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.'

'Noe, Douglas,' quoth Erle Percy then,
'Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeeld to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.'

With that there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, 'Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my verry heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.'

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Erle Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere full bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And passed the English archers all,
Without a dread or feare;
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he sett;
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his hearts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sunne;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barròn.

And with Sir George, and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slaine shold be:
For when his legs were hewn in two
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
But saved he cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chace were slaine,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

'O heavy newes,' King James did say,
'Scottland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.'

Like tydings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Sith 'twill noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scottland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of high renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds dye.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

THIS charming ballad was published in London, 1595, "being entered in that year on the Stationers' Books." Our version is taken from an old copy in the British Museum, which bears this quaint title: "The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament; who, on his death-bed, committed the keeping of his two children, a boy and girl, to his own brother, who did most wickedly cause them to be destroyed, that so he might possess himself and children of the estate; but, by the just judgments of the Almighty, himself and all that he had was destroyed from off the face of the earth To the tune of Rogers. London: Printed by and for W. D., and sold by C. Boxes, at the Sun and Bible in Gilt-Spur Street." Dr. Percy, however, has given a different version in his Reliques. The learned prelate considered the subject of the Ballad to have been taken from an old play, "Of a young child murthered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle; by Robert Yarrington, 1601," the story being similar in its leading features, although the scene of the drama is laid, not in Norfolk, but in Padua. The previous entry on the Stationers' Books, of which Dr. Percy could not have been aware, seems to convict this great author of an error. And in truth for a subject, so natural, so simple, so unadorned, it were scarcely necessary to look very far. What can be more probable than that the event embodied in this Ballad, actually occurred, in the locality given to it in the early printed copy. There is an air of truth pervading it, which constitutes half its beauty. Addison calls it "one of the darling songs of the common people, and the delight of most Englishmen in some parts of their age." Perhaps the best proof of its intrinsic excellence is to be found in its great popularity with children. We know not any *fairy* tale, that speaks so earnestly, and so immediately, to the infant heart. It may not excite their imaginations, but it takes root in their young sympathies.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in beautyes molde.

The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Two hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

'Now, brother,' said the dying man,
'Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.'
With that bespake their mother deare,
'O brother kinde,' quoth shee,
'You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or miserie:

If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deedes regard.'
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist the children small:
'God bless you both, my children deare!'
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sicke couple there:
'The keeping of your children dear
Sweet sister, do not feare:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.'

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both into his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made murtherers heart relent:
And they that took the deede to do,
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
Where babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them thus,
While they for bread complaine:
'Stay here, quoth he, 'I'll bring ye bread,
When I do come againe.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more they sawe the man
Approaching from the town;
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darkesome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they dyed,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barnes were fired, his goods consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himself was brought
Into much miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellowe that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye,
As was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
To which is here exprest;
Their uncle dyed while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

All you that be executors,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

HISTORIANS, minstrels, and ballad-makers have made the story of Fair Rosamond a favourite subject for their pens and songs. We cannot come at any correct account of that house of "wonderfull working," wherein her royal lover endeavoured to guard her from prying eyes. We know not precisely the manner in which the secret was discovered by Queen Eleanor, nor the means by which poor Rosamond was done to death. These may be, as they have been, subjects for learned controversy and fierce debate. But the ballad seizes the strong points of the story, and vividly portrays her, fair, erring and unfortunate. She was, according to Stowe, the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford; became the "lemman" of Henry the Second, to whom she bore two sons, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, Bishop of Lincoln, and died at Woodstock, A. D. 1177. For our version, Mr. Hall has preferred the copy of this ballad in the Pepy's Library to that in the British Museum, making such alterations and restorations as he deemed fit. It was first published in London, early in the seventeenth century in "Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets of Kinges, Princes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c."

WHEN as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Did never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeared to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her chrystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Elinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king, therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong;

And they so cunninglye contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte, the ladyes joy,
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres,
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his ladye faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

'My Rosamond, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle;
My royal Rose, a thousand times,
I bid thee nowe farewelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.'

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the kinge saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrowe she conceivde,
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before King Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her body did embrace;

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Until he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

'Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?'
The king did often say,
'Because,' quoth shee, 'to bloodye warres
My lord must pass awaye.

But sith your grace in forrayne coastes,
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazarde life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare,
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death
Nay, death Ile rather choose.'

'Content thyself, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Sweet peace their pleasures breede,
The nourisher of hearts content,
Which fancy first did feede.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke bower,
With musickes sweete delight;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
Against my foes do fighte.

My Rose in robes of pearle and golde,
With diamonds richly dight;
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
Whilst I my foes do fighte.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my love's defence;
Be careful of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.'

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamond, for inward griefe,
Not one plaine worde could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamond
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had passed the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, Queene Elinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls the trustye knighte
Which kept this curious bower;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from the famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene his thread did gette,
And went wnere Lady Rosamond
Was like an angell sette.

And when the queene with steadfast eye
Beheld her heavenlye face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

'Cast off from thee thy robes,' she said,
'That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.'

But presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

'Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,'
Fair Rosamond did crye;
'And lett mee not with poison stronge
Euforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide;

And for the fault that I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke good to doe.'

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her comelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave the comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand.
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde his greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did there confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neere to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

THE DEMON LOVER.

THE credit of bringing this ballad before the public is due to Sir Walter Scott. It was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," having been communicated to Sir Walter by Mr. Laidlaw, by whom it was taken down from recitation. What alterations or improvements it received in passing through such hands cannot be known, but Scott's reverence for all relics of the olden time has at least ensured the preservation of its ancient garb. The legend contained in the ballad is current in Scotland under various shapes. But it is by no means peculiar to that country. England and Ireland have also their traditionary stories, wherein false maidens and unfaithful wives are carried off and destroyed by the ghosts of former lovers, or by demons in human shape.

'O WHERE have you been my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?'
'O I 'm come to seek my former vows,
Ye granted me before.',

'O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.'

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

I might have had a king's daughter,
Far far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee.'

'If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.'

'O faulse are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never would hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee.'

'If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?'

'I have seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.'

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
'O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I 'll never see you again.'

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
And the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,
'Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.'

'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?'
'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,
Where you will never win.'

'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,
'All so dreary wi' frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I will go.'

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be;
Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud
And the levin filled her e'e;
And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the topmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

THE NUT-BROWN MAYD.

To this ballad, printed about the year 1502 in "Arnold's Chronicle," may be fairly assigned a date at least one hundred years earlier. A strong proof of its popularity in the sixteenth century, is the existence of a book in black-letter, wherein the Passion of Christ is arranged to the air of this ballad, the words being parodied after a fashion much in vogue at that time. It was then believed, as it is still occasionally, that religious instruction might be conveyed under the prestige of a popular song: "Thus endeth the boke of the newe not browne mayd vpon the passion of Cryste."—The "Muses' Mercury" introduced the Nut-Brown Mayd to comparatively modern readers in 1707. It is therein given as three hundred years old; and there Prior met with it, and took it as the ground work of his poem, "Henry and Emma." If we find no novelty in an earl's son wooing and winning a lady of high degree, under the disguise of a squire or an outlaw, it should be borne in mind, that we are probably going back to the fountain head, whence many similar fancies have been drawn; and that, though familiar with imitations, the original is scarcely known to us.

Be it right, or wrong, these men among
On women to complayne,
Affermyng this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For lete a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought: and from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayde,
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayde;
But neverthelesse, ryght good wytnèsse
In this case might be layd,
That they love trewe, and contynew:
Recorde the Nut-brown Mayd:
Which, from her love, (when, her to prove,
He cam to make his mone),
Wolde not depart; for in her herte
She loved but hym alone.

Than, betweine us, lete us discusse
What was all the manere
Betwene them two: we wyll also]
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begyn,
So that ye me answère;
Wherfore, ye, that present be
I pray you, gyve an eare:
I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Sayinge, 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.'

'And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll not refuse;
Trustyinge to shewe, in wordès few,
That men have an ille use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse;
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
My owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'It standeth so; a dede is do,
Whereof moche harme shall growe;
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or ellés to flee: the one must bee,
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.

Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell: nay, nay,
We dèpart not so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye nought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd, the Nut-brown Mayd
Was to her love unkynde;
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
To part with you the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.'

'I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out,
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'I thinke not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as any stone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytee, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescous coude ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I to the wode will go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Right wele knowe ye, that women be
Ful feble for to fyght;
No womanhede is it indede
To be bolde as a knyghte:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day and nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save; as women have
From deth saved many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, dry or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne;
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Syth I have here bene partynere
With you of joye and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesùre;
And, shortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me semeth, perdè,
I coude not fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for to gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No shetès clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I to the wode will go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvère
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, er we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere;
Your kyrtel by the knee;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes yf nede be:
And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can:
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To short my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But now, adue! I must ensue,
Wher fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answère whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
And so is a womàn.
Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Yf ye take hede, yett is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, perdè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degre;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To ye therefore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my wycked dede,
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayed.
Remember wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Nut-brown Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynd
I love but you alone.'

'Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde le wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I wolde be one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll not to the grene wode go;
I am no banyshed man.'

'These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:

Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Ye shall not nede farther to drede;
I wyll not dysparàge
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
By way of maryage,
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son
And not a banyshed man.'

Here may ye se, that women be,
In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometyme proveth such as loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

KEMPION.

We are again indebted for this ballad to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It is there given "chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS., with corrections from a revised fragment." How the knights of the olden time slew huge dragons and other monsters, has been sufficiently said and sung in all countries. Scott, in his introduction to this ballad, alludes to several stories of their prowess still current in Scotland and on the Borders. England and Ireland have their own, and to this day the very scenes of supposed encounters between man and beast are pointed out with superstitious awe. "The ballad of Kempion," writes Sir Walter Scott, "seems, from the names of the personages, and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance, degraded into a ballad by the lapse of time and the corruption of reciters." Its peculiarity consists in the fact of the hero putting himself within the power of the monster, in order to dissolve a charm by his "kisses three," instead of making a fierce onslaught according to the more usual and approved mode. The courage of the knight, however, seems to have been tried by a test more than commonly severe.

'Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely fee'd,
And lay your head low on my knee,
The heaviest weird I will you read,
That ever was read to gay ladye.

'O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er ye 'se swim;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

'I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee.'—

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb:

And aye she cried for Kempion,
'Gin he would but come to her hand.
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

'Now, by my sooth,' said Kempion,
'This fiery beast I 'll gang and see.'—

'And by my sooth,' said Segramour.
'My ae brother, I 'll gang wi' thee.'—

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reached the shore,
Around them she gared the red fire flee.

'O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair.'—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aimed an arrow at her head;
And swore if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

'O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the awe o' thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.'—

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.

'O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me'—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses twa:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.

'O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.'—

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e'er could be!

'And by my sooth,' says Kempion,
'My ain true love, (for this is she,)
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

O was it warwolf in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?'—

'It wasna warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be!'—

'O, a heavier weird shall light her on,
Than ever fell on vile woman;
Her hair shall grow rough,
And her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

'None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall wan;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St. Mungo come over the sea.'—
And sighing, said that weary wight,
'I doubt that day I'll never see!'

THE CHILDE OF ELLE.

In first publishing this delightful ballad in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Dr. Percy admits that he put it into its present shape, the fragment which served him as an original being mutilated and defective. He modestly says that "the reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauty of the original." Mr. Hall, however, thinks it probable from his researches, that the original manuscript furnished only a rough outline, and that in truth, the Childe of Elle may fairly be called the composition of Dr. Percy. It is undoubtedly of Scottish origin, and there are several other versions of the same story current. But the accomplished prelate has given a more pleasant finale to his tale than that usually received. The ballad, as given by Sir Walter Scott, portrays a most tragical adventure, Lord William, the hero, having slain his lady love's father and seven brethren, who interfered to arrest his progress, he himself dying of his wounds, and the Lady Margaret, we presume, of a broken heart. The concluding ejaculation of the last stanza of that version is natural enough after so deep a tragedy.

"Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere the day,
And all true lovers that go together
May they have mair luck than they!"

On yonder hill a castle standes
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Childe of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Childe of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden, pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little footpage,
Nowe Christe thee save and see!
Oh, tell me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?'

'My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layd in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee;
Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knighte,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.'

'Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And tell her that I, her owne true love
Will dye, or sette her free.

'Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know,
This night will I bee at her bowre windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.'

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd,
Until he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

'O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he be at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or sette thee free.'

Nowe day was gone and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
'Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
Tis I thy true love call.

'Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ille carrye thee hence awaye.'

'Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knighte,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.'

'O ladye, thou with a knighte so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.'

'My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knighte should fly?

'Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should do him no goode,
Until he had slain thee, Childe of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.'

'O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befalle.'

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lillye-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himselfe on his stede so talle,
And her on a fair palfràye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, 'My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

'Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Childe of Elle
To doe the deede of shame.'

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrye men all:
'And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall.'

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

And formost came the carlish knighte,
Sir John of the north countràye:
'Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitòure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye linèage,
And was of a ladye born,
And ill it beseems thee—a false churls sonne
To carry her hence to scorne.'

'Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knighte,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knighte me bred, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

'But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe try this arduous deede.

'But light nowe downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe trye our valours force.'

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knighte
Past many a baneful blowe.

The Childe of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knighte,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah, what may ladye Emmeline doe!
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

'Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baròn,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true loves band.

'Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day:
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

'O give consent, shee may be mine,
And bless a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage faire:

'My mother she was an earls daughtèr,
And a noble knighte my sire:'—
The Baron he frowned and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

'Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire younge knighte and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knighte,
I never had fled from thee.

'Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O! let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.'

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turned his heade asyde,
To wipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
And mused a little space:
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

'Here take her, Childe of Elle,'—he sayd,
And gave her lillye-white hand;—
'Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

'Thy father once mine honour wronged
In days of youthful pride—
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondness for thy bride;

'And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine!
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline!'

THE TWA BROTHERS.

THIS touching ballad is copied from "Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." Its origin is there traced to an unhappy accident, that occurred in the family of the Somervilles, of which we quote the account recorded:—"This year 1589, in the moneth of July, ther falls out a sad accident, as a further warning that God was displeased with the familie. . . . The servant, with his two sones, William, Master of Somervil, and John, his brother, went with the horses to ane shott of land, called the prety shott, directly opposite the front of the house, where there was some meadow ground for grassing the horses, and willowes to shaddow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Somervil, after some litle rest, awakeing from his sleep, and finding his pistolles, that lay hard by him, wett with the dew, he began to rub and dry them, when, unhappily, one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the muzel turned side-ways, the ball strocke his brother John directly in the head and killed him outright, soe that his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he begged it with many teares." This, or some such melancholy incident, undoubtedly gave rise to the ballad. In some versions, one brother is purposely slain by the other; but in all, the noble and forgiving spirit of the victim, and the horror and remorse of the survivor make the strong points.

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa'—
It's 'Will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head?
And there we'll warsell a fa'.'

'I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba',
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warsell a fa'.'

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

'O lift me up upon your back,
Take me to yon well fair,
And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair.'

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

'Tak ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair.'

He's taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He's row it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

'Tak now aff my green sleiding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.'

He's taken aff the green sleiding,
And rowed him softly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

'What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e'en?'
'I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

'O no, O no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;
But say, that I am gane to a foreign land,
Whare nae man does me know.'

When he sat in his fathers chair
He grew baith pale and wan.
'O what blude 's that upon your brow?
O tell to me, dear son.'

'It is the blude o' my gude gray steed—
He wadna ride wi' me;'
'O thy steeds blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;

'O what blude 's that upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me.'
'It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me.'

'O thy hounds blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;
O what blude 's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me.'

'It is the blude of my gay goss hawk,
He wadna flee for me.'
'O thy hawks blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;

'O what blude 's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me.'
'It is the blude of my ae brother,
O, dule and wae is me!'

'O what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie, tell to me.'
'I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride,
To dwell in some far countrie.'

'O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me.'
'When sun and mune leap on yon hill,
And that will never be.'

She turned hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
'My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I'll ne'er see.'

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

Mr. Hall has arranged this beautiful and interesting ballad, partly from the copy published by Dr. Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and partly from a black letter copy preserved in the folio collection at the British Museum. The latter bears this title—"The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's daughter of Bednall Green. Printed by and for W. Onley; and are to be sold by C. Bates at the sign of the sun and bible in Pye corner." Dr. Percy gives the reign of Queen Elizabeth as the date of its composition; but how far the story is founded on fact is matter of uncertainty. We know from history that Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leicester, and his eldest son Henry, were both killed at the battle of Evesham, fought August 4, 1265, whilst heading the barons, and that the family became extinct. Probably some such event, as that described, did actually occur during the civil wars, and the author has only used the poet's license in attributing it to well-known personages. This ballad derives additional interest from having furnished Sheridan Knowles with a subject for a drama.

FITT THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter most pleasant and bright,
And many a gallant brave suitor had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing she was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessee did say,
'Good father, and mother, let me goe away,
To seeke out my fortune, wherever itt bee.'
The suite then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessee, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:
So faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there one month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;

Her bewtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
She shew'd herself curteous, but never too coye;
And at their commandment still wold she bee;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd 'Noe;
I would not wish gentles to marry with mee.'
Yett ever they honored pretty Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withall:
Her master's own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

'And, if thou wilt marry with mee,' quoth the knight,
'Ile make thee a lady with joy and delight;
My heart's so inthralled by thy fair bewtie,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee.'

The gentleman sayd, 'Come, marry with mee,
In silks and in velvets my Bessee shall bee:
My heart lives distressed: O heare me,' quoth hee;
'And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.'

'Let me be thy husband,' the merchant did say,
'Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.'

Then Bessee shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
'My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett theyr good will, and be faithful to mee,
And you shall enjoye your pretty Bessee.'

To every one this answer shee made;
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
'This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?'

'My father,' quoth shee, 'is plaine to be seene:
The silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

'His markes and his tokens are known full well;
He always is led with a dogg and a bell:
A silly olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.'

'Nay then,' quoth the merchant, 'thou art not for mee:
'Nor,' quoth the innholder, 'my wiffe shalt not bee:'
'I lothe,' said the gentle, 'a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!'

'Why then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessee.

'With thee to thy father forthwith will I goe.'
'Nay soft,' quoth his kinsmen, 'it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shall bee,
Then take thy adewe of pretty Bessee.'

But soone after this, by break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee away.
The younge men of Rumford, so sicke as may be,
Rode after to fetch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ride they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came presentlye over the plaine,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then strait he did see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, 'Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

'And then if my gold will better her birthe,
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

'Butt first I will heare, and have it well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall be all your owne.'
With that they replied, 'Contented wee bee.'
'Then here's,' quoth the beggar, 'for pretty Bessee.'

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound:
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemans one the beggar dropt twayne:

So as the place, wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt,
The gentleman then having dropt all his store,
Sayd, 'Now, beggar, hold, for I have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.'
'Then marry,' quoth he, 'my girle to the knight;
And heere,' quoth he, 'I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.'

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And those that were her suitors before
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was their Bessee matched to a knight,
And made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest.
The second fitt shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure and wished delight.

FITT THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse thereof you may see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gallant palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the love of pretty Bessee

All kinds of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were brought to their banquet, as it was thought meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This wedding thro' England was spread, by report,
So that a great number did thither resort,
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, a ladye most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with swete Bessee of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solemnized then,
With musicke performed, by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate down at that tyde,
Each one beholding the beautiful bryde.

But, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
To talke of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, 'Much marveil have wee,
The jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see.'
'My lords,' quoth the bride, 'my father's so base,
Hee is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.'

'The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face were a flattering thinge;
Yett wee thinke thy fathers baseness,' quoth they,
'Might by thy bewtye bee cleane put away.'

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke:
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee;
And nowe a musicyan forsooth he would bee.

Hee had a daintye lute under his arme,
Hee touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Sayd, 'Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee.'

With that his lute hee twanged straitway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayned out this song most delicatelie.

'A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her bewtye might well bee a queene:
A blithe bonny lasse, and daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

'Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands;
And yett for her marriage hee gave thousands three,
And still hee hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

'And if any one her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of a noble degree:
Therefore let none floute att my prettye Bessee.'

With that the lords and companye round
With hearty laughter were readye to swound:
Att last said the lords, 'Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.'

With that the bride all blushing did rise,
With the faire water all in her brighte eyes:
'Pardon my father, grave nobles,' quoth shee,
'That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.'

'If this bee thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may hee bee proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth with his fortune did never agree;

'And therefore, blind beggar, wee pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth to us thou doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.'

'Then give mee leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
A song more to sing, and then I'll begone,
And if that I do not winn your good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

'Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall bee:
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yett fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Nowe loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

'When the barons in arms did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose:
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft times hee made their enemyes flee.

'At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
Most fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Though thou wast not borne then, my pretty Bessee!

'Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
His eldest sonne Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was felde by a blowe, hee receivde in the fight:
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

'Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse hee laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a younge ladye discovered was hee;—
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee.

'A barons faire daughter stept forth in the night,
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing younge Montfort, where gasping hee laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

'In secrette shee nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While hee through the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
At length his faire bride shee consented to bee,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessee.

'And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
Wee clothed ourselves in beggars arraye:
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

'And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Though poore, yett contented with humble delighte:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

'And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong;

And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had been knowne, but for pretty Bessee.'

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song hee had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and the pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.'

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy was the younge knight,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

THE antiquarian Peck, who originally published this ballad, attributes it to Ben Jonson, but, it would seem, without sufficient authority. It is not to be found in any edition of his works. Our version is taken from a black letter copy in the folio collection at the British Museum. It was probably composed on occasion of a masque, and spoken by one of the performers in the character of Robin Goodfellow, describing himself as sent by Oberon "to see the night sports here." But if Ben Jonson be not the author of this ballad, he, in common with the poets of his day, has sung of the fantastic tricks of Puck or Robin Goodfellow. In his Masque of "Love Restored," he speaks of him, as "he, that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot cockles." Milton and Shakespeare both allude to him as a sprite of great consideration. In "Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie," published immediately after his death in 1588, as the title-page asserts, "by an old companion of his, Robin Goodfellow," Robin is declared to be "famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye prankes." Writers on fairy mythology have traced his popularity back to the 13th century. His namesake Puck, or Phooka of Ireland, is still in repute amongst the superstitious peasantry of that kingdom, and much both of mischief and accident is fathered there upon him.

FROM Oberon in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee, and merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I their feates will spy,
And sent them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke to play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man:
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than winde away I go,
Ore hedge and lands, thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I snore and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss; they shrieke—
Who's this?
I answer naught, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel, to threads, their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow:
If any 'wake, and would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry, then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe aught,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we naught:
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night, I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have naught to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done, I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loop holes were the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their ducks and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks gin sing,
Away we fling,
And babes new borne steale as we go,
And elfe in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellòw.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old my feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale;* ho, ho, ho!

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE various versions of this ancient ballad given in the collections of Percy, Motherwell, Scott, Finlay and others, are proofs of its high celebrity and remote origin. But the commentators cannot agree as to its historical foundation. Our Editor, Mr. Hall, prudently remarks, "that the ballad was founded upon an actual occurrence there may be little doubt." Let not the reader smile at the forcibly depicted reluctance of the gallant sailor to undertake this voyage to Norway in the winter season. In the reign of James III., two hundred years after the date assigned to this composition, an Act of the Scottish Parliament prohibited all vessels from being navigated, "frae the feast of St. Simon's day and Jude unto the feast of our Lady, called Candlemas." Sir Patrick's conviction of the danger he must undergo, serves only to heighten the picture of his courage in undertaking the adventure, and of his skill and energy in attempting to avert the catastrophe. We doubt if any age or any country has produced a ballad more simple, more powerful, and more pathetic.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
'O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the kings right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The kings daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?

Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The kings daughter of Noroway
'T is we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our kings gowd
And a' our queenis fee.'—
'Ye lie, ye lie ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

'For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'—
'Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To take the helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ships side,
And letna the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ships side;
But still the sea came in.

O laith laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon,
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon!

And mony was the feather bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lords son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves—
For them they 'll see na mair!

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

GIL MORRICE.

THIS ballad, in common with many others, has been interpolated, altered, and variously arranged by the hands of successive annotators. All, however, seem to agree, that there is no very early copy of it in existence; and the very fact of its coming to light at a comparatively recent date, gave rise to many versions "from the mouths of nurses and old women." Previously to Dr. Percy's printing it in his "Reliques," it had passed through two editions in Scotland, the latter having been published at Glasgow in 1755. The tragedy of "Douglas," founded upon it, and originally performed at Edinburgh in 1756, gave it an extensive popularity, and "about that period," writes Mr. Motherwell, "it underwent a total revisal." He then adds, "But though it has been grievously corrupted by ingenious interpolations, as well as paraphrastic additions, the most scrupulous enquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting, that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in no wise altered, save in those changes of language to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected in its progress from one age to another."

GIL MORRICE was an erles son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
Bot for his dame, a lady gay,
Wha lived on Carrons side.

'Whar sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen,
That will gae to Lord Barnards ha',
And bid his lady come?

'And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ye maun rin wi' speid;
When ither boys gang on their feet,
Ye sall ha' prancing steid.'

'O, no! O, no! my master deir,
I dar na for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife.'

'My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My deir Willie!' he said,
'How can ye strive against the streim?
For I sall be obeyd'

'Bot O my master deir,' he cryd,
'In grene wode ye 're your lane;
Gi' owr sic thocts I wold ye red,
For fear ye sold be tane'.

'Haste! haste! I say, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' speid:
If ye refuse my hie command,
I'll gar your body bleid.

'Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;
Bid her come to the gude grene wode,
Ein by hersel alane;

'And there it is, a silken sarke,
Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;
And bid her come to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld barons leive.'

'Yes! I will gae your black errand,
Thoch it be to your cost;
Sen ye by me will nae be warnd,
In it ye sall find frost.

The baron he is a man o' micht,
He neir cold bide to taunt;

And ye will see, before its nicht,
Sma' cause ye ha' to vaunt,

'And sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak a vow, and keep it trow,
It sall be done for ill!'

When he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he cam to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Barnards yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca',
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wold na tell the man his errand,
Thoch he stude at the yeat;
Bot streight into the ha' he cam,
Whar they were set at meat.

'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna wait,—
Dame, ye maun to the grene wode gae,
Afore that it be late.

'Ye 're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Ye maun haste to the gude grene wode
Ein by yoursell alane.

'And there it is, a silkin sark,
Your ain hand sewn the sleive:
Ye maun gae speik to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld barons leive.'

The lady stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eie;
Bot a' that shee cold say or do,
Forbidden he wold nae be.

'It 's surely to my bower-woman,
It neir cold be to me.'—
'I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady,
I trow that ye be shee.'

Then up and spak the wylie nurse
(The bairn upon her knee),
'If it be come from Gil Morrice,
It's deir welcum to me.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud I hear ye lie;
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady,
I trow ye be nae shee.'

Then up and spoke the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He has tane the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and mazer dish
In flinders he gard flie.

'Gae bring a robe of your cleiding,
Wi a' the haste ye can;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi your lemman.'

'O bide at hame now, Lord Bernard!
I warde ye bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
Wha neir wyte ye wi' nane!'

Gil Morrice sat in the grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
'O, what meins a' the folk coming?
My mother tarries long.'*

The baron to the grene wode cam,
Wi' meikle dule and care:
And there he first spyed Gil Morrice
Kaming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,
My lady loes thee weil;
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heil.

'Yet neir the less now, Gil Morrice,
For a' thy great bewtie,
Ye 'll rew the day ye eir was born;
That heid shall gae wi' me!'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaided owr the strae;
And throuch Gil Morrice fair body
He gard the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Gil Morrice heid,
And set it on a speir;
The meinest man in a' his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Gil Morrice up,
Laid him across his steid;
The meinest man in a' his train,
Has gottea that steid to lede.

The lady on the castle wa'
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morrice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

'Better I loe that bluidy heid,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.'

And she has tane her Gil Morrice,
And kissed baith cheik and chin;
'I was ance as fou o' Gil Morrice,
As the hip is o' the stane.

'I bore ye in my fathers house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
I brocht ye up in the grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.

'Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip;
But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
A mothers teirs to weep!'

Again she kissed his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin;
'O better I loed my son Morrice,
Than a' my kyth and kin!'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill dethe may ye die!
Gin I had kend he was your son,
He had neir been slayne by me!'

'Obraid me not, my lord Barnard,
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that same speir, O perce my heart,
And save me frae my pain!

'Since naething but Gil Morrice head
Thy jealous rage cold quell,
Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
That neir to thee did ill.

'To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind;
I 'll fill the air wi' heavy sichs,
And greit till I be blind.'

'Eneuch of bluid by me's been spilt,
Seek not your death frae me;
I 'd rather far it had been mysel
Than either him or thee.

'Wi' hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
Sair, sair, I rue the deed—
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Sold gar his body bleid!

'Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
They neir can heal the wound;
Ye see his heid upon the spier,
His hearts bluid on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill,
The feet that bare me wi' sic speid,
The comlie youth to kill.

'I'll aye lament for Gil Morrice,
As gin he was my ain;
I 'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the youth was slain.'

SIR ALDINGAR.

THIS ballad is taken from Percy's "Reliques," having passed under the correcting and improving hands of that learned and accomplished annotator. But our information as to its authorship or its origin, is very meagre and unsatisfactory. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, has published in his "Minstrelsy," a ballad, in which the incidents are nearly similar, though the deliverance of the Queen is Yet, although Scott was informed on good authority that the founder of the Arbuthnot family was the actual hero of this story, and that the very sword, with which he defended the Queen's honor, is still in existence, it is a curious fact, that no in tance is recorded in history, in which the good name of a Queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel.—We are glad that Mr. Hall has given us the version that follows, with its supernatural ageney, in preference to the oft-told tale of intervention at the eleventh hour by some wandering Knight, the never-failing champion of "widows, orphelines, and maidens of good fame."

OUR king hee kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser stewarde than hee was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

Hee wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene shee was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes hee colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazer both blinde and lame:
Hee tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bedd has layne.

'Lye still, lazar, whereas thou lyest,
Looke thou go not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day.'

Then went him forthe Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:—

'If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tidings I could bring.'

'Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say on the soothe to mee.'
'Our queene hath chosen a newe, newe love,
And shee will have none of thee!'

'If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But shee hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.'

'If this bee true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to mee,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

'But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallowes tree.'

Hee brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opened to him the dore,
'A lordly love,' King Harry says,
'For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Heere on my sword thou'st dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall bee built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.'

Forthe then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee:
And soon hee found Queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

'Nowe God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see!
Here you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee!

'If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame;
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame;

'Therefore a fyer there shall bee built,
And brent all shalt thou bee!'
'Nowe out alacke!' sayd our comelye queene,
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

'Now out alacke!' sayd our comelye queene,
'My heart with griefe will brast:
I had thought swevens had never been true;
I have proved them true at last.

'I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
In my bed whereas I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye:

'My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head geere;
And he wolde worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare.

'Saving there came a little gray hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead hee down did fall.

Giffe I were a man, as nowe I am none,
A battele wolde I prove,
To fighte with that traitor Aldingar,
Att him I cast my glove.

Bot seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Sir Aldingar,
To maintaine mee in my righte.'

'Nowe forty days I will give thee,
To seeke thee a knight therein:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn.'

Then shee sent east, and she sent west,
By north and south bedeene;
Bot never a champion could shee finde,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Nowe twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might bee had;
Many a tear shed our comelye queene,
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee;—
'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may bee:

'And heere I will make mine avowe,
And with the same mee binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde!'

Then forthe she rode on a faire palfràye
O'er hill and dale about;
Bot never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on apace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no help was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye;
When lo! as shee rode by a rivers side,
Shee mette with a tinye boye.

A tiny boye shee mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde:
Hee seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere old.

'Why grieve you, damselle faire,' he say
'And what doth cause you moane?'

The damselle scant wolde deigne a looke,
Bot fast shee pricked on.

'Yet turn againe, thou faire damsèlle,
And greet thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Now helpe enoughe may be.

'Bid her remember what shee dreamt
In her bed whereas shee lay;
How when the grype and the grimlie beast
Wolde have carryed her crowne awaye,

'Even then there came a little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes;
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.'

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when shee told her gracious dame
A gladd woman then was shee.

Bot when the appointed daye was come,
No helpe appeared nye;
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And now a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree;
And nowe Queene Elinore forthe was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
'Giffe any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forthe, or shee must dye.'

No knight stood forthe, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye;
And nowe the fyer was lighted up,
Queene Elinore shee must dye.

And nowe the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might be;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see.

'Away with that stake! away with tl brands!
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fighte with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene!'

Forthe then stoode Sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
Hee laughed, and scoffed, and turned backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

'Nowe turne, nowe turne thee, Aldingı
And eyther fighte or flee:
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Though I am so small to see.'

The boye pulld forth a well good sword
So gilt it dazzled the ee:—
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

'Stand up! stand up! thou false traitor,
And fighte upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou beginst,
Of height wee shall be meete!'

'A priest! a priest!' sayes Aldingar,
'While I am a man alive,—
A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingar,
'Me for to houzle and shrive!

'I wolde have layne by our comelye queer
Bot shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto o
king,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the Kings gates,
A lazar both blinde and lame;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

'Then ranne I to our comelye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
Bot ever alacke!' sayes Aldingar,
'Falsing never doth well:—

Forgive! forgive mee, Queene, madame,
The short time I must live!'
'Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive!'

'Here take thy queene, our King Harrye,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.'

King Henrye ran to clasp his queene,
And loosed her full sone;
Then turned to look for the tinye boye;
—The boye was vanisht and gone!

But first hee had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewàrde
To wayte within his hall.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

"The Noble Acts Newly Found of Arthur of the Table Round. To the tune of Flying Fame. Printed by and for Alex. Melbourn, in Green Arches Court, in the Little Old Bailey." Such is the title of the black letter copy in the folio collection at the British Museum, from which this ballad is printed. The ancient romance of King Arthur has furnished the subject, as it has done for many a tale and ballad. And though this particular adventure be free from allusion to magic or enchantment, yet was the history of Sir Lancelot the very picture of romance. Carried off as an infant by a Water Nymph, and educated in her home beneath the waves, he hence acquired the name of Sir Lancelot du Lac, and enjoyed through life the aid and protection of this Lady of the Lake. Sir Bohort, one of his brave companions in arms, thus eloquently eulogises him. "And now I dare say that,—Sir Lancelot,—ther thou lyist,—thou were never matched of none earthly knighte's handes. And thou were the curteist knight that ever bare shielde. And thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the truest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sworde. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knightes. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentillest, that ever eate in hal among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest!"

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys won,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into Britain straight hee came,
Where fifty good and able
Knights then repaired unto him,
Which were of the Round Table:

And many justs and turnaments,
Before him there were prest,
Wherein these knights did then excell
And far surmount the rest;

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
Hee, in his fights and deeds of armes,
All others did excell.

When hee had rested him awhile,
To play, and game, and sport;
Hee thought he would appprove himselfe
In some adventurous sort.

Hee armèd rode in forest wide,
And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto hee gave good eare.

'Such wold I find,' quoth Lancelot;
'For that cause came I hither.'
'Thou seemst,' quoth shee, 'a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither,

'Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame;
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,
And what may bee thy name.'

'My name is Lancelot du Lake.'
Quoth shee, 'it likes me then;
Here dwelles a knight who never was
O'er matcht of any man:

'Who hath in prison threescore knights
And four, that hee hath bound;
Knights of King Arthurs court they bee,
And of the Table Round.

Shee brought him to a river then,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
His fellows shields to see.

Hee struck so hard the bason broke;—
When Tarquine heard the sound,
Hee drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight was bound.

'Sir knight,' then sayd Sir Lancelot,
'Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
We'll try our force together;

'For, as I understand, thou hast,
As far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.'

'If thou art of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquine speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.'

'That's over much,' quoth Lancelot tho,
'Defend thee by and by!'
They sett their spurs unto their steeds,
And each at other flie.

They coucht their spears, (their horses ran,
As though there had been thunder)
And each struck then upon their shields,
Wherewith they brake asunder.

Their horses backes brake under them;
The knights they were astound:
To avoyd their horses they made haste
To fight upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out then;
Wyth mighty strokes most eagerlye
One at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, 'Hold thy hand,

'And tell to me what I shall aske.'—
'Say on,'—quoth Lancelot tho:

'Thou art,' quoth Tarquine, 'the best knight
That ever I did know;

'And like a knight that I did hate;
So that thou bee not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord wyth thee.'

'That is well said,' quoth Lancelot;
But sith it soe must bee,
What knight is that thou hatest soe?
I pray thee show to me.'

'His name's Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Hee slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I wolde I had him here.'

'Thy wish thou hast, but now unknowne;
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now of King Arthurs Table Round;
King Hands son of Benwake;

'And I defy thee;—do thy worst.'
'Ha, ha!' quoth Tarquine tho,
'One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

'If thou bee Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome thou shalt bee;
Wherefore see thou thyself defend.
For now defye I thee.'

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boars rushing;
And wyth their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing:

The ground besprinkled was wyth blood:
Tarquine began to faint;
For he had backt and bore his shield
So low, hee did repent.

This soon espyde Sir Lancelot
He leapt upon him then,
He pulled him downe upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith hee struck his necke in two;
And, when he had soe done,
From prison threescore knights and four
Delivered everye one.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

All lovers of romance are familiar with King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table. Minstrels and bards have drawn largely from the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth, published about the middle of the twelfth century; and, be it fabulous, or be it founded on fact, it right well merits its renown, and is a splendid fountain of inspiration for the Chroniclers in Rhyme.—Merlin, the Enchanter, presided over the birth of Arthur; marvellous was his life; and his death is wrapped in mystery. So be it. We will not follow Mr. Hall in partially revealing the crafty tricks of the monks of Glastonbury, who ministered to the enthusiastic admiration of Henry the Eighth for his favorite hero, by imposing upon his credulity legends manufactured, and relics prepared expressly. The British people have for ages done homage to the memory of King Arthur, and we will not, in this matter of fact age, lend even our humble hand to the pulling down those strongholds, which a reverence for antiquity and a national amour-propre have built up amongst them.—Our version is from Bishop Percy, and it has been both improved and enlarged by his able and practised hand.

On Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battayle was doomed to be,
Where many a knight cryed, 'Well-away!
Alack, it was the more pitie!'

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did say:

'Now, as you are mine unkle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day,
O meet not with your foe in fight;
Put off the battayle, if ye may;

For Sir Launcelot is now in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardy knight,
Who will within this moneth be back,
And will assist ye in the fight.'

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did say.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, he
Should send away an herauld at armes,
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he charged all his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man shold no weapon sturre,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring;
The best of all his company.
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man shold no weapon sturre,
But if a sword drawn they shold see.

For he durst not his unkle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell;

Alack! it was a woefull case,
As ere in Christentye befell!

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought,
And a months league between them set
Before the battayle should be fought,

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' th' king's knights on the knee;
Alack! it was a woefull chance,
As ever was in Christentye!

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm hanging there;
His sword he from his scabbard drew:
A piteous case, as ye shall hear.

For when the two hostes saw the sword,
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three!

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away:
Ay me! it was a bloody field
As ere was fought on summers day!

Upon King Arthurs own partye,
Only himself escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the kings butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mold,
The teares fast trickled down his face;
That manly face in fight so bold!

'Now rest ye all, brave knights,' he said,
'So true and faithful to your trust:
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder into dust!

'Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death:
And, oh! to rayse ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath!

'But see, the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where he stalks among the dead!
Now bitterlye he shall abye;
And vengeance fall upon his head.'

'O stay, my liege,' then sayd the duke;
'O stay for love and charitie;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be.'

'O stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.'

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

'Alas!' then sayd the noble king,
'That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me!'

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry;
'Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nye.'

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he;
The king his spear he through him thrust;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly dyed Sir Mordred,
Presently upon that tree;
And bloody streams ran from the king,
Ere to the duke returned he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
'Sir knight, thou hast been faithfull tryde,
Now take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my syde:

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throw;

For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
A better ne'er had valiant knight,
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

With this good fauchion in my hand,
Oft have I reahed the bloody feelde;
But now the fatalle hour is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.'

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he,
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,
And all the hilt of precious stone:
'And ever alack!' then sayd the knight,
'Must such a sword away be thrown?'

Then back he came unto the king,
Who sayd, 'Sir Lukyn, what did you see?'
Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free.'

'O go again,' then said the king,
'O good Sir Lukyn, go again;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain.'

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabbard in threw he:
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who sayd, 'Sir Lukyn, saw ye ought?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought.'

'O Lukyn, Lukyn!' said the king,
'Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully:
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be?

'Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye.'

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswer made unto the king;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunk benethe the renning streme,
And of the duke was seen no mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still as still mote be;
Then hastened back to tell the king,
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after he did him spy;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladyes howl and cry.

And whether the king were there, or not,
He never knew, nor ever cold;
But from that sad and direfull day,
He never more was seen on mold.

THE HEIRE OF LINNE.

THIS pleasant ballad is printed from the copious collection of the indefatigable Dr. Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." As usual, it underwent alterations, and received additions at his hands, necessary in consequence of the breaches and defects which existed in his fragment. The simple story calls for no explanation, nor requires quotations from other versions to elucidate its merits.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne;
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lovd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of golde and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his golde is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called he;
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both golde and fee.

Sayes, 'Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheare;
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of golde Ile give thee heere.'

'My golde is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall be.'

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

Hee told him the golde upon the borde,
He was right glad his lande to winne:
'The golde is thine, the lande is mine,
And nowe Ile be the Lord of Linne.'

Thus he hath sold his lande soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
'My sonne, when I am gonne,' sayd he,
'Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy golde so free;

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.'

The heire of Linne is full of golde;
'And come with me, my friends,' sayd he,
'Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.'

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his golde it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

'Nowe well-a-day,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Nowe well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted golde nor fee.

'But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.'

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his golde away;
Another calld him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

'Nowe well-a-day,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Nowe well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes soe broad,
On me they livd right merrilee.

'To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sinne;
To worke, my limbs I cannot frame.

'Nowe Ile away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world shold frown on me,
I there shold find a trusty friend.'

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
Untill he came to lonesome lodge
That stood soe lowe in a lonely glenne.

Hee looked up, hee looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne;
But bare and lothly were the walles;
'It's sorry chear,' quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunne heere ever shone;
No halesome breeze heere ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed;
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written soe plain to see:
'Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

'All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trustye friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrowes end.'

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
'This is a trustye friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me.'

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie;
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of golde so redd.

He took the bille, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests infere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money,
And over them in broad letters
These words were written soe plaine to see:

'Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.'

'And let it be,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'And let it be, but if I amend;
For heere I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end.'

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis he neither ceasd ne blanne
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked he;
There sate three lords upon a rowe
Were drinking of the wine soe free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head
Because nowe Lord of Linne was he.
'I pray thee,' he said, 'good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone!
Away, away, this may not be;
For Christs curse on my head,' he sayd,
'If ever I trust thee one pennie!'

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
'Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charitie.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone!
I swear thou gettest no almes of me;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold beginne with thee.'

Then bespake a good fellowe
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, 'Turne againe, thou heire of Lynne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

'Some time a good fellowe thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy golde and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

'And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wott thou hadst his lande,
And a good bargaine it was to thee.'

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wode he answered him againe:
'Nowe Christs curse on my head,' he sayd,
'But I did lose by that bargaine!

'And heere I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lordes soe faire and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheape
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.'

'I draw you to record, lords;'—he sayd.
With that he caste him a gods-pennie;
'Nowe by my fay!' sayd the heir of Linne,
'And heere, good John, is thy money.'

And he pulled forth three bagges of golde,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good redd gold,
He told it forth wi' mickle dinne.
'The golde is thine, the lande is mine,
And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne.'

Sayes, 'Have thou heere, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:

Nowe I am again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

'Ile make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.'

'Nowe well-a-day!' sayth Joan o' the Scales;
'Now well-a-day! and woe is my life;
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Nowe Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.'

'Nowe fare thee well,' sayd the heir of Linne:
'Farewell nowe, John o' the Scales,' sayd he:
'Christs curse light on me if ever again
I bring my landes in jeopardie!'

LORD SOULIS.

Here we have a ballad, of which the real author is known. It was composed by John Leyden, and was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Local tradition and historical truth have both contributed to it; the supernatural agency, which upheld Lord Soulis in his cruel and oppressive career, being still spoken of amidst the ruins of Hermitage Castle, whilst Scott gives an instance of violent death similar to that here recorded. "The tradition concerning the death of Lord Soulis is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. Melville of Glenbure, Sheriff of the Mearns, was detested by the barons of his county. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I., the monarch answered in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the Sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!" The words were construed literally. The barons prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky Sheriff."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
'Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
The death that I must die?'—

'While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
And hold that life of me,
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
I shall thy warrant be.

'Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall e'er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
Around thy body twine.

'If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound.'

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And Redcap was not by;
And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,
To go to the barmkin high.

'And look thou east, and look thou west,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be.'

He looked over fell, and he looked o'er flat,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Save a pyot on a turret that sat
Beside a corby craw.

The page he looked at the skrieh of day,
But, nothing, I wist, he saw,
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

'Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?'
So loudly cried the page;
'I tidings bring, from Scotland's King,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

'He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die.'

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran,

And through the key-stone of the vault
They plunged him, both horse and man.

* * * * *

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower:
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—'Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride.'

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sighed the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

'Now, be content, my bonny May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day,
You heard young Branxholm's name.

'O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift is like lead sae blue,
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shall shine dimly through.'

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend, or foe, in Border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led
Up Goranberry slack;
Ay, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roebuck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law;
The glamour sure was in his ee
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry-men true
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief;
His men were far away;
Through Hermitage slack they sent him back
To Soulis' castle gray;
Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower
Where all his merry-men lay.

'Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
Thrice welcome,' quoth Soulis, 'to me!
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
My wedding guest to be?
And lovely May deserves, per fay,
A bride-man such as thee!'

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
And on the barmkin shone,
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis hee speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—'Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all?'

'We stabled them sure on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure,' quoth he—
'Before we could cross the quaking moss,
They all were lost but me.'

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
And he heard a stifled groan;
And at the third knock each rusty lock
Did open one by one.

He turned away his eyes as the lid did rise,
And he listened silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
'Beware of a coming tree!'

In muttering sound the rest was drowned,
No other word heard he;
But slow as it rose, the lid did close
With rusty padlocks three.

* * * * *

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother
The Teviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
The fame of his array,
And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenchèd fist, he knocked on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
And it murmured sullenlie,—
'Shut fast the door, and for ever more
Commit to me the key.

'Alas! that ever thou raisedst thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me!
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be.'

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.

And still when seven years are o'er
Is heard the jarring sound;
When slowly opes the charmed door
Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

* * * * *

When Soulis thought on his merry-men now,
A woful wight was he;
Says—'Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine,
But Branxholm's heir shall die!'

Says—'What would you do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee?'—
'I would take you to the good greenwood
And gar your ain hand wale the tree.'

'Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside.'

They carried him to the good greenwood
Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below:
'Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine
To feed the hooded crow?'

'The fir-tops fall, by Branxholm wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine
I loved in infancie.'

Young Branxholm turned him and oft looked back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm peep'd ,and puirly spake,
'O sic a death is no for me!'

And next they passed the aspin gray,
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie;
'Now choose thee, 'choose thee, Branxholm gay!
Say, wilt thou never choose the tree?'—

'More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For, beneath the shade that its branches made,
Have passed the vows of my love and me.'

Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
Then shoulder height for glee he lap,—
'Methinks I spye a coming tree!'—

'Ay, many may come but few return:'
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
'No warriors hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me!'—

'Now, by my sooth,' quo' bold Walter,
'If that be true we soon shall see.'—
His bent bow he drew, and his arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ersyltoun;
'The wizard's spell no steel can quell
Till once your lances bear him down.'—

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet, on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:
They mouldered at his magic spell:
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:
No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
'We 'll bind him yet, whate'er betide.'

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impressed with many a warlock spell;
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see;
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he returned from Faerie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand,
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turn'd it with his hand;
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfuls nine:
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;

They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall:
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot, where they boil'd the pot,
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

This ballad is another extract from Percy's "Reliques," wherein it is given with some corrections from a M.S. copy transmitted from Scotland. Mr. Hall quotes several English versions. We give the title of one of these. "A Tragical Story on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfal of the Brown Girl." They differ from each other as to the catastrophe; but the subject not being historical, these minor differences are unimportant. We doubt not that our Editor makes the best possible selection.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
'A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.'

'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed ye.'
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

'O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to me:
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet be?'

'The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane!'

And he has till his brother gane:
'Now, brother, rede ye me;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?'

'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.'

'Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge bye the fyre.'

And he has till his sister gane:
'Now, sister, rede ye me;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?'

'Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the brown bride alane;
Lest you should sigh, and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?'

'No I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride:
Fair Annet may leive the land.'

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

'Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,' he says,
'Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.'—

'My maides gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir ye laid a plate before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

'My maides gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.'

The horse fair Annet rade upon
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twantye siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twantye gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twantye fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmerd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does make ye sae white?'

'O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mithers wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote be:
But when he saw her deir hearts blude,
A' wode-wroth wexed he.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
'Now stay, my dear,' he cryd,—
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa;
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right well,
They were twa luvers deare.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

For this beautiful and interesting ballad we are indebted to Sir Walter Scott. It was originally published in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Both Scott and Mr. Motherwell assign to it great popularity and a remote origin. Some conjectures have been hazarded as to its historical foundation, but nothing satisfactory has been established on this point.

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comelye face,
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils them amang,
And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O, four and twenty silver keys
Hung hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—'What means a' this din?
Or what 's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in?'—

'O ye my errand weel sall learn,
Before that I depart.'—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee:
'O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
For I never injured thee.

'O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left wi' me.'—

'O gin it be a lass,' he says,
'Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hangéd hie.

'I winna spare for his tender age,
Not yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin.'—

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the queen to guard;
And four stood aye at her bouir door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time grew near an end,
That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men,
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were a' deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

'O narrow, narrow, is this window,
And big, big, am I grown!'—
Yet through the might of our Layde,
Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
Tne queen fell on her knee:
'Win up, win up, madam!' she says:
'What needs this courterie?'—

'O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

'And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
As weel to write and read.

'And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

'At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avowe,
But—Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?
—Madame, how does my dow?'

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

'O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir.'—

'How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth, I cannot see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me.'—

'O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For, I wot, he killed your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

'And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she daurna take ye hame.'—

The boy stared wild like a grey goss-hawk,
Says,—'What may a' this mean?'
'My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen.'

'O gin I be King Honour's son,
By our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!'—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

'O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee;'—
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William,
With the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

GENEVIEVE.

This ballad, the well-known composition of S. T. Coleridge, requires neither note nor comment. It has taken and will long hold its place amongst the established favorites of the British people.

All thoughts, all passiions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose,
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend;
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

ıow she wept, and clasped his knees;
ıow she tended him in vain—
ever strove to expiate
he scorn that crazed his brain;—

hat she nursed him in a cave;
iow his madness went away,
ı on the yellow forest-leaves
dying man he lay;—

ring words—but when I reached
tenderest strain of all the ditty,
ltering voice and pausing harp
sturbed her soul with pity!

ıpulses of soul and sense
hrilled my guileless Genevieve;
ıusic and the doleful tale,
ıe rich and balmy eve;

opes, and fears that kindle hope,
distinguishable throng,
entle wishes long subdued,
bdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

This ballad is another tribute to the indefatigable industry of Dr. Percy, and to his admirable taste and skill. He picked up a copy of it at an old book-stall, modernised, and published it in his "Reliques." Devoid of any historical interest, and of doubtful antiquity, the simplicity and pathos of this ballad have given to it a great popularity. It has been imitated under several names. The original title is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's Frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night, with the Sudden Death and Burial of those Noble Lovers."

As it fell out on a long summers day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summers day,
And could not talk their fill.

'I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock,
A rich wedding you shall see.'

Fair Margaret sat in her bower window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:—
She went alive out of her bower,
Wh ut ne'er came alive in't again.

en day was gone and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret
And stood at Williams feet.

'Are you awake, sweet William?' she said;
'Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet.'

When day was come and night was gone,
And all men waked from sleep,
Sweet William to his ladye said,
'My dear, I have cause to weep;

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,
Such dreams are never good:
I dreamt thy bower was full of red wine,
And my bride bed full of blood.'

'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red wine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.'

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, 'I'll away to fair Marg'rets bower,
By the leave of my ladye.'

And when he came to fair Marg'rets bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethren
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,—
'Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.'

With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone:
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.'

'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine;
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.'

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow;
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher;
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

The incidents of this tale of the birth of the patron Saint of Merry England are derived from the Seven Champions of Christendom, once a history in high repute, though now only to be found in the Nursery Library. The author is undoubtedly Dr. Percy himself, who, in publishing the ballad, confesses that it is for the most part modern.

Listen, lords in bower and hall!
I sing the wondrous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth!

Distresséd ladies to relieve
He travelled many a day;
In honor of the christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme,
Lord Albert was his name:

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excel,—
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had closed her wakeful eyes,
But lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprise:—

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceived within her womb,
Whose mortal fangs, her body rent
Ere he to life could come!

All woe begone, and sad was she,
She nourisht constant woe;
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,
Who watched her slightest look,
Discovered soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

'Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I 'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I 'll travel far away,
But I 'll the meaning knowe.'

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weird lady of the woods,
He purposed to repaire.

To the weird lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Through lonely shades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reached a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierced the gloom,
He hears no chearful sound;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling through his ear:
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Though all unused to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews:
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse;
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallowed mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the inchanted cave.

An iron gate closed up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, fastened by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine;
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

'Sir Knight, thy lady beares a son,
Who, like a dragon bright,
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
And terrible in fight.

His name, advanced in future times,
On banners shall be worn:
But, lo! thy lady's life must passe
Before he can be born.'

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time Lord Albert stood;
At length he winds his doubtful way
Back through the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame,
Then fast he travels back;
But when he reached his castle gate,
His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maiden's plaine;

And bitterly lament and weep,
With many a grievous grone;
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,
Yet half afraid to goe;
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

'Three times the sun hath rose and set,'
They said, then stopt to weep,
'Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
In death's eternal sleep.

For, ah! in travail sore she fell,
So sore that she must dye;
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
Could ease her presentlye.

But when a cunning leech was fet,
Too soon declaréd he,
She, or her babe must lose its life;
Both savéd could not be.

Now take my life, the lady said;
My little infant save:
And O! commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

O! tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife;
And teach my son to lisp her name,
Who died to save his life.

Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee,
Without repining or complaint,
Her gentle soul did flee.'

What tongue can paint Lord Albert's woe,
The bitter tears he shed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead!

He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
And, shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son—
The son that cost so dear.

Now sorrowe seized the damsells all:
At length they faultering say:—
'Alas, my lord! how shall we tell?
Thy son is stoln away.

Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien:
And on his little body stampt,
Three wonderous marks were seen:

A blood-red cross was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast;
A little garter all of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

Three carefull nurses we provide,
Our little lord to keep:
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

But lo! all in the dead of night,
We heard a fearful sound:
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
And lightning flasht around.

Dead with affright at first we lay;
But rousing up anon,
We ran to see our little lord—
Our little lord was gone!

But how or where we could not tell;
For, lying on the ground,
In deep and magic slumbers laid,
The nurses there we found.'

'O grief on grief!' Lord Albert said:
No more his tongue cou'd say,
When falling in a deadly swoone,
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restored to life and sense,
He nourisht endless woe;
No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and stately oake,
Whose vigorous arms are torn away
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown,
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.—
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

There the weird lady of the woods
Had borne him far away;
And trained him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.

THE MERMAID.

Dr. John Leyden composed this beautiful ballad, which Scott originally published in his "Minstrelsy." "It is founded," writes Sir Walter, "upon a Gaelic traditional ballad called Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Conerrekin." But in almost every age and every country Mermaids have been the subjects of romance and credulity. Their existence, their habits, and their loves of mortal men, have been said and sung from time immemorial, in strains both serious and lively.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell,
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely Maid of Colonsay.

And 'raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!—

When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favorite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foaming spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!

If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And, in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green:
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feignéd bier,
The monks, the prayers of death shall say,
And long, for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the Maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his trancéd eyes unclose;
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green;

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
'Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?'
'Ah! 't is the song of Colonsay.'

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

'This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?'

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;—
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay?

Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set;

And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

How sweet to dance with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green;
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell;
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew,
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray;
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay!'

'Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

If I beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine.'

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast,
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom pressed—
'Is there no heart for rapture here?

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill;
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill?'

'Though all the splendor of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train:
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,
And lashed, with webbéd fin, the main.

'Dwell here alone!' the mermaid cried,
'And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?'

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay:
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,

And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain.

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound;
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue;
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came;
No more mis-shapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

'O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay.'

'This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay.'

'Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.'

'Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed with webbéd fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems, at las
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung

In softer sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhéd shell,
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the living author of this ballad, has established himself as a favorite with the people of the British Isles. The "Mariners of England," the "Exile," who "Sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter," have respectively touched the sympathies, and won the admiration of the English, the Irish, and the Scotch. To this charming composition there is no historical interest attached. Its intrinsic merit is sufficient commendation.

A CHIEFTAN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'—

'Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, Oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief.
My daughter! Oh! my daughter!'—
'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

SIR AGILTHORN.

M. G. Lewis, better known as "Monk" Lewis, from his romance of that name, is the author of this ballad. In his own day, at the commencement of the present century, Lewis enjoyed considerable reputation; and Sir Walter Scott acknowledges that his own achievments in romantic poetry were suggested by Lewis's success and popularity in it. We should add, that Scott speaks in the highest terms of Lewis's excellence in rhyme, though by general readers he is almost entirely thrown aside. There is no proof of any recorded event in history having given rise to this ballad.

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod where Lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

'Blessed is the village damsel's fate,
Though low and poor her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake, to mourn a husband dead.

Hush, impious fears! the good and brave,
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee.

While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Cursed be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

Lo! on thy falchion keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;

Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears!

Think how thy lips she fondly pressed,
Think how she wept—compelled to part;
Think, every wound which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!'—

'O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!'—
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
'Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

In pity cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
And only list to Love's and thine.

Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs, I set ye free:
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own that life is dear to me.

The wretch whose lips have pressed the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,
A happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

Oh, no! the joys of yonder skies,
To prosperous love present no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

No! let our boy thy care engross,
Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

So may oblivion soon efface
The grief which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears which fall for Agilthorn!'

He said; and couched his quivering lance:
He said; and braced his moony shield:
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addressed her orphan page:—
'Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age:

If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant round thy blooming face;
If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place:

Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead;
And o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

Till thou return'st each hour's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste and soon return again.'

'Now lady dear, thy grief assauge,
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain;
I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I'll haste, and soon return again.'

Then Osway bade his courser fly;—
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

'Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st thou from the castle tower?'
'Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest-Bower.'

'Oh, pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,
May see thee bear an orphan's name.

Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

O warder, from the castle tower,
Now say what objects meet thy sight?'
'None but the shades of Forest-Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright.'

'Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid:
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow—
Oh, never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

Now warder, warder, speak again!
What seest thou from the turret's height?'
'Oh, lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight!'

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath;
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
'Now, Heaven,' she cried, 'for life or death!'
And forth to meet the page she flew.

'And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?'—
In silence Osway bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Osway's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explained,
What meant those silent tears to tell.

'Come, come, my babe!' she wildly cried,
'We needs must seek the field of woe:
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go.'

'Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

'Hark, hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!'

'No, no! with me my baby stays;
With me he lives; with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies.'

O see she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name:
O see she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame,

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside;
She raised his vizor, kissed his face,
Then on his bosom sunk and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'Tis here, at night, the fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lovers' doom!
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb.

So n'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
So ne'er to thee may grief be known;
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

Our version of this spirited ballad is that published by Sir Walter Scott "from the different copies." It's authorship, it's antiquity, it's foundation, and it's locality, are all disputed points. It would not be difficult, however, to find parallel incidents amongst the recorded adventures of the Borderers, and appropriate scenery amidst their former haunts.

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
'Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands.'

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
'O Johnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

Eneugh ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame.'

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs
And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds,
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the seven foresters did lie.

'What news, what news, ye grey headed carle,
What news bring ye to me?'
'I bring nae news,' said the grey headed carle,
'Save what these eyes did see.

As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine.

The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude:

The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude.'

Then out and spak the first forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
'If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw.'

But up and spak the sixth forester
(His sister's son was he),
'If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!'

The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the seventh forester,
'The next will gar him die.'

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

'O is there nae a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say?—
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?'

The starling flew to his mother's window
stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—'Johnie tarries lang!'

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another of the slae-thorn tree,
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
'Ye wad nae be warned, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
The less gear and the mair;
But I neer brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair.

But wae betyde that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee.'

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his bodie lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

Scott, Motherwell, Buchan, Herd, Allan Cunningham, and others, have given each his version of this old ballad. Ours is from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," Scott having therein collated it from various sources, avowedly for the purpose of "suiting the tastes of these more light and giddy-paced times." There is little doubt that it is founded on fact, and to this day the spot is pointed out on the banks of Yarrow, where the fatal fight took place.

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

'O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.'—

'O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till down in a den, he spied nine armed men
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

'O! come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?'—

'I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.'

'If I see all, ye're nine to ane,
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.'

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bonnie braes of Yarrow;
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

'Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'—

'Yest'reen I dreamed a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

But in the glen strive arméd men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

As she sped down yon high high hill,
  She gaed wi' dole and sorrow;
And in the den spied ten slain men,
  On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
  She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
  On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

'Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear;
  For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
  Than him ye lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, my father dear;
  Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
  Than now lies cropped on Yarrow.'

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

This very beautiful ballad may be considered as the composition of Allan Cunningham, who published it in his "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern;" though he modestly states that he has "ventured to arrange and eke out these old and remarkable verses." Buchan has printed another version, entitled the "Minister's Daughter of New-York," but in the quotation given from it by Mr. Hall we find no local interest, nor any cause for attaching to it this name. Allan Cunningham differs from other annotators in making his children intercede for their cruel mother at the throne of grace, instead of denouncing and consigning her to eternal misery.

The lady she walk'd in yon wild wood
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were running at her knee.

The tane it pulled a red, red rose,
With a hand as soft as silk;
The other it pull'd a lily pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

'Now why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns?
And why the white lily?'
'O, we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
For the soul of thee, ladie!'

'O bide wi' me, my twa bonny bairns!
I'll cleid ye rich and fine;
And all for the blaeberries of the wood,
Yese hae white bread and wine.'

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
Say, 'Weans, ye tarry long'—
She stretched her hand to the youngest bairn,
'Kiss me before ye gang.'

She sought to take a lily hand,
And kiss a rosie chin—
'O naught sae pure can bide the touch
Of a hand red-wet wi' sin!'

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire filled the air,
As that lady follow'd thae bonny bairns
For three lang hours and mair.

'O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!'
'O! lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.'

There came a shape which seem'd to her
As a rainbow 'mang the rain:
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.

'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,
'My mother maun come in:'
'And O! and O!' said the eldest babe,
'Wash her twa hands frae sin.'

'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,
'She nursed me on her knee;'
'And O! and O!' said the eldest babe,
'She's a mither yet to me.'

'And O! and O! said the babes baith,
'Take her where the waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
Wash her twa hands frae sin.'

GLENFINLAS.

This ballad was the first poetical composition of Sir Walter Scott, and was originally published in 1801, in the "Tales of Wonder," edited by M. G. Lewis. It was written with the design that it should be supposed a translation from the Gaelic, whereby Scott considered himself "liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the minstrel ballad." The popularity that Glenfinlas immediately acquired was a chief inducement to the arrangement and publication of the "Border Minstrelsy."

'O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!'—

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs had ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid.
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,

Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut in social guise,
Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

'What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?

To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

'Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

'But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

'Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge, and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

'Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?'—

'Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

'E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

'The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

'The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

'Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

'Thou only saw'st their tartans wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

'And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

'I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and now...
No more is given to gifted eye!' ——

'Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

'Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

'E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew.'
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch'd beside the seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
'O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

'With her a Chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?'—

'And who art thou? and who are they?'
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
'And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?'—

'Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

'To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

'O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.'—

'Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.'—

'O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day.'—

'First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way.'—

'O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

'Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye.'

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,

And quick his color went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

'And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind?

'Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.'

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

'O hone a rie'! 'O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

This ballad undoubtedly owes a portion of its merit to the improving hand of Walter Scott, who arr ed it for his "Minstrelsy" from two different copies. Other versions have been published by therwell and Buchan. It is believed to be of great antiquity, but there is no record of any ac occurrence, on which it might have been founded.

'O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!'—
'And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

'O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near?'—

'I have not tint at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

'But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.'—

'But how sall I your true love ken,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw.'—

'O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

'The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

'And even at my love's bour-door
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

'And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.'

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bour
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower, that springs in May mornin
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's gate,
And sat him on a pin;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—'Your love can no win here.'—

'Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen.'

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

'Have there a letter from Lord William;
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.'

'Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale.'

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

'A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!'—
'Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

'But, for you honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be.'—
'Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

'And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

'And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night.'
And so her father pledg'd his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seem'd to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,
'Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead.'

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd it on her breast;
'Alas! alas!' her father cried,
'She's dead without the priest.'

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor shiver'd with her chin;
'Alas! alas!' her father cried,
'There is nae breath within.'

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain amang the a'.

'Set down, set down the bier,' he said;
'Let me look her upon:'
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

'A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
or I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.—

'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers!
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

'Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast.'—

'Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may ye die!
For we left father and sisters at hame,
Breaking their hearts for thee.'

COLIN AND LUCY.

This pathetic ballad was composed by Ticknell, the intimate friend of Addison, whose residence in Ireland at the time it was written has, probably, given to it an Irish locality. There is nothing national in the tale itself.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die,
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

'Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
Both know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

'Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet.'

She spoke, she died; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

KATHARINE JANFARIE.

Every one that has read Marmion, (and who has not?) must remember the spirited ballad of "Young Lochinvar." It was from Katharine Janfarie that Scott took the idea of that exquisite little tale This version he called in his first edition, the "Laird of Lamington;" and tradition speaks of an actual occurrence that gave rise to this and other similar songs.

There was a may, a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen:
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whispered the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out then came Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonny may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent her word back again,
Weel answered she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array!

"O come ye he here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?"—

"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play;
I'll lead but a dance wi' the bonnie bride,
And mount and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speired na leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey;
They said they would take the bride again
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some of them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And sighing, said the bonnie bride,
"O wae's me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you Lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

RUDIGER.

THE English authorship of this ballad constitutes it's only claim to insertion in a British collection. Southey composed it in 1796, whilst very young, and it was first published by M. G. Lewis in his "Tales of Wonder." The theme was probably borrowed from Thomas Heywood's notes to the "Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels," a poem printed by Adam Islip in 1635.

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The ev'ning gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along,—

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
Thare lay reclin'd a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie;
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret;
Her check was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feasts superior still,
And knightlycourtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he raised his looks again,
And smil'd his cares away,
And mid the halls of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward rolled the waning months—
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hailed with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gaz'd,—
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy Father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;

And falt'ring in his speech he bade
The Priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restor'd,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine;

"And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose."

And so together forth they went;
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam;
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger in silent mood
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
The rising mists behold,
The ev'ning wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!"

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe,
Lies shelter'd on my arm."

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home."

He answer'd not, for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret—breathless now,
And pale with fear and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendour through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim discolour'd light;

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer flutt'ring fast
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear;
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the list'ning ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Marg'ret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
"Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress!

I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness.

"And hush thee, too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease;
Lie still, lie still;—a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there;
And there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moonbeam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paus'd with fear,
When Rudiger approached the cave,
And cried, "Lo, I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd, "Lo, I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh:
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd then
New pow'rs from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

And loud he shriek'd, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasp'd round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

Sir Walter Scott is the author of this ballad. It was originally published in the "Tales of W edited by M. G. Lewis. It appears that no actual incident or tradition gave rise to it, but was the offspring of Scott's imagination, and that the recollections of his childhood induced place the scene of the tragedy at Smaylhome Tower. Allusion is made to the same localit introduction to the Third Canto of Marmion—"Those crags, that mountain tower—Which ed my fancy's waking hour." The battle of Ancram Moor, where the English were signally ed, and a fight ever famous in the annals of Border Warfare, took place in 1546.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurrd'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was brac'd, his helmet was lac'd,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerth was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-p
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou has see
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the l
light,
That burns on the wild Watchfo
For, from height to height, the be
bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the mc
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cro
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent can
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary fl
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight,
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'—

"'Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound,
And the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'—

"'Though the blood-hound be mute,
And the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
There sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'—

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'—

"He turned him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laughed right scornfully—
'He who says mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"'At the midnight hour,
When bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be,'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high—
"Now tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone bright, in the beacon's red light!
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound,
In a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold,
And low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon tree."—

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight,
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—

"The grave is deep and dark—
And the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring,
And the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate,
And he oped the tower gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat,
Where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word;
Then she stepped down to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd,
And the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep,
And his bloody grave is deep . . . . .
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain:
The mass and the death-prayer are sai for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to the bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

NEITHER the authorship, nor any historical or traditional incident connected with this fragment of a ballad, has been discovered by Sir Walter Scott, who first published it in his "Border Minstrelsy." It was taken down, from the recitation of an old woman of defective memory, by a lover of poetical relics. The name "Barthram" is Northumbrian, but the "Nine-Stane Rig" and the "Nine-Stane Burn" are Scotch, and point for locality to the neighbourhood of Hermitage Castle, the scene of the ballad of Lord Soulis.

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside;
She tore her ling long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds so deep and sair;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth;
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,
And they cover'd him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the lady fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

SIR CAULINE.

Mr. Hall is right in calling this "a beautiful, touching, and interesting ballad." It is extracted from Percy's "Reliques," Percy himself having so altered, enlarged, and improved it from a defective and mutilated original, that the composition may be called his own. A curious version of a similar story is preserved by oral tradition in the north of Scotland. Buchan has given it in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs," under the title of "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin." But though the similarity be strong in the first part of the ballad, the catastrophe, as here told, is altogether original.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comelye knighte,
Men call him Sir Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Sir Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
And aye, 'But I winne that ladye's love,
For dole now I mun dye.'

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, 'Where is Sir Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?'

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his hands gan wringe:
'Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.'

'Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.'

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
'O well,' she sayth, 'how doth my lord?'
'O sicke, thou fayr ladye.'

'Nowe ryse up wightlye, man for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.'

'Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.'

'Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.'

'O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.'

'Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee.'

'Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fayre morninge?

'For the Eldridge knighte, soe mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scathe and scorne.

'That knighte he is a fond paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.'

'Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fayre ladye;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you see.'

The ladye is gone to her own chambere,
Her maydens following bright:
Sir Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe:
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne;
Quoth hee, 'If cryance come till my heart,
I am far from any good towne.'

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell;

And soe fast he called on Sir Cauline,
'O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance comes till my heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.'

He sayth, 'No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor in fayth, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.'

The Eldridge knighte he pricked his steed;
Sir Cauline bold abode:
Then either shook his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande,
But Sir Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Sir Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
'And here I sweare by the holy roode
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.'

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Fast wringing of her hande:
'For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadlye brande:

'For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.'

'Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand:

'And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe:

And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.'

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Sir Cauline's hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyre castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he found five rings of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Sir Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that ladye gay:
'O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring away.'

'Now welcome, welcome, Sir Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee;
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.'

'O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!'—
Ne more his tonge cold say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
'Alas! sir knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

'But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.'

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,—
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

'But keep my counsayl, Sir Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.'

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde Sir Cauline, the knighte;
From that day forthe he only joyde
When shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleausant houre.

PART THE SECOND.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the Ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Sir Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Sir Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladye.'

Then forthe Sir Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;

But when she did his beavere raise,
'It is my life, my lord,' she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline just lifte up his eyes
When he hearde his ladye crye,
'O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye.'

Then giving her one partinge look,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to draw her breath.]

But when she fo und her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

'O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfulle fere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.'

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

RUTH.

In place of any criticism upon this well-known ballad by Wordsworth, Mr. Hall has prefixed to it a glowing eulogium upon the poet and his general works. The simplicity and pathos of the composition have made it popular. It has for us some additional interest, from the fact of its hero being represented as a native of Georgia.

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted Child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a Pipe of straw,
And from that oaten Pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a Bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An Infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof alone
She seem'd to live; her thoughts her own,
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And passing thus the livelong day,
She grew to Woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
A military Casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees:
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
Ah no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the Youth could speak:
—While he was yet a Boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any Maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls—a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the Magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The Cypress and her spire;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, 'How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering in an easy mind,
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

'What days, and what sweet years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So pass'd in quiet bliss;
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!'

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a Father's love:
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

'Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me,
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer.

'Beloved Ruth!'—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

'And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife.'
Even so they did: and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those Climes he found,
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That there did sometimes intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions link'd to forms so fair,
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feign'd delight
Had wooed the Maiden day and night,
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid,
Whose heart with so much nature play'd?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said
'O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompass'd me on every side
When first, in confidence and pride,
I crossed the Atlantic Main.

It was a fresh and a glorious world,
A banner bright that was unfurl'd
Before me suddenly:
I look'd upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

But wherefore speak of this? For now,
Sweet Ruth! with thee, I know not how,
I feel my spirit burn—
Even as the east when day comes forth,
And to the west, and south, and north,
The morning doth return.'

Full soon that purer mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remain'd, not one,—
They stirr'd him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee Ruth!—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there she sang tumultuous songs,
By recollection of her wrongs
To fearful passion roused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell;
And a wild brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;—
She from her prison fled;
But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best, she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again;
The master current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest, and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her winter bed supplies;
But till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,

Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers;
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk,
The Quantock Woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turn'd
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

THAT a collection of ballads, commemorating the life and adventures of Robin Hood, should have been published in two volumes is, we think, sufficient proof of the popularity of the subject. The Merry Outlaw's name and fame are "familiar as household words" to the English yeoman; and the adventure here described is but one amongst a host. Bishop Percy furnishes the version, having, as usual, subjected it to his renovating and purifying process.

WHEN shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he awakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

'Now by my faye,' said jollye Robìn,
'A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of two wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.'

'Sweavens are swift, master,' quoth John,
'As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To morrow itt may be still.'

'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yoemen,
In greenwood where they bee.'

Then they cast on their gownes of greene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone.

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee,
There were they ware of a wight yeomàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

'Stand you still, master,' quoth Little John,
'Under this tree so greene;
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.'

'Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde;
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head would breake.'

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his own fellowès
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

'One shoote now I will shoote,' quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
'Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.'

Then John bent up his long bende-bow,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

'Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.'

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine;
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men,
Good Willlam a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

'Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.'
'But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose,' quoth John,
'If itt be Christ his will.'

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he stood.

'Good morrowe, good fellowe,' said Robin so fayre,
'Good morrowe, good fellowe,' quoth he:
'Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou sholdst bee.'

'I am wilfull of my waye,' quo' the yeman,
'And of my morning tyde.'
'Ile lead thee through the wood,' said Robin;
'Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.'

'I seeke an outlàwe,' the straunger sayd,
'Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good.'

'Now come with me thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven.'

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine
To shoot the prickes y-fere.

'Leade on, good fellowe,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Leade on, I doe bidd thee.'
'Nay by my faith, good fellowe,' he sayd,
'My leader thou shalt bee.'

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it froe:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shote within the garlànde:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

'A blessing upon thy heart,' he sayd;
'Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.'

'Now tell me thy name, good fellowe,' sayd he,
'Under the leaves of lyne.'

'Nay by my faith,' quoth bolde Robin,
'Till thou have told me thine.'

'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth hee,
'And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guye of good Gisbòrne.'

'My dwelling is in this wood,' sayes Robin,
'By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.'

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.

'Ah, deare lady,' sayd Robin Hood, '"thou
That art both mother and may,"
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.'

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
'Thou hast been a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende.'

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman borne,
Could tell whose head it was.

Saies, 'Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.'

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guye did it throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

'The bowe, the arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.'

Robid Hood sett Guyes horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

'Hearken, hearken,' sayd the sheriffe,
'I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guy's horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

'Come hither, come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.'
'O, I will none of thy gold,' sayd Robin,
'Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I've slaine the master,' he sayes,
'Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aske;
Nor noe other will I have.'

'Thou art a madman,' said the sheriffe,
'Thou sholdst have had a knight's fee;
But seeing thy asking hath been soe bad,
Well granted it shale be.'

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knew he it was his steven:
'Now shall I be looset,' quoth Little John,
'With Christ his might in heaven.'

Fast Robin he hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive;

The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

'Stand abacke, stand abacke,' sayd Robin;
'Why draw you mee soe necre?
Itt never was the use in our countryè,
One's shrift another shold heere.'

But Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And loosed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all his companye;
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold rvde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad
He shott him into the syde.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF ROBIN HOOD.

This ballad, though in style comparatively modern, is without doubt founded on one of ancient date. It is extracted from Ritson's "Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw, Robin Hood." The manner in which he was done to death, though historically true, if we may believe the Harleian M S. in the British Museum, has not been so generally the subject of Song, as have been the varied exploits and adventures of himself and Little John.

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
'We have shot for many a pound;

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.'

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?
'No I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the livelong day,
Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
'I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley hall,
He broke locks two or three;

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;

'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Little John, thou begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee:
I never hurt womanin all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be:
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee:
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet:
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

The author of this interesting ballad was Michael Bruce, a Scotchman, who died at an early age, in 1767. It has no claim to originality in the subject, as many ancient compositions record similar incidents. Bruce has incurred the anathema of Motherwell and other antiquarians for tampering with old versions. In their anger against the plagiarist, they forget the greater ease and elegance of the modern composition.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he wooed, lang she refused,
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confessed the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she blessed his well-tried faith,
Allowed his tender claim:
She vowed to him her virgin heart,
And owned an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapproved;
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,
And leave the youth she loved.

At night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where on a bank beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the underwood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graeme,
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began: 'My sire
Your passion disapproves;
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme;
So here must end our loves.

My father's will must be obeyed;
Nocht boots me to withstand;
Some fairer maid, in beauty's bloom,
Must bless thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind effaced:
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste.'

'What do I hear? Is this thy vow?'
Sir James the Rose replied:
'And will Matilda wed the Graeme,
Though sworn to be my bride?

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms!'
Then clasped her to his beating breast,
Fast locked into his arms.

'I spake to try thy love,' she said:
'I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
My grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graeme my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth;
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath!'

They parted thus: the sun was set:
Up hasty Donald flies;
And, 'Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!'
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turned about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew;
For Donald's blade, before his breast,
Had pierced his tartans through.

'This for my brother's slighted love;
His wrongs sit on my arm.'
Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he reared
Frae Donald's head above,
And through the brains and crashing bones
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay:
'So fall my foes!' quoth valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood he quickly hied,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call:

'Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
Awake, my love, awake!
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme;
His blood is on my sword:
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat on my side.'

'O do not so,' the maid replies;
'With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

'All night I'll watch you in the park;
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.'

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapped him in his plaid;
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Til'l, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,
With twenty of his men.

'Where go'st thou, little page?' he said;
'So late who did thee send?'
'I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend;

For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme;
His blood is on his sword;
And far, far distant are his men,
That should assist their lord.'

'And has he slain my brother dear?'
The furious Graeme replies:
'Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me, ere morning, dies!

Tell me where is Sir James the Rose;
I will thee well reward.'
'He sleeps within Lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.'

They spurred their steeds in furious mood,
And scoured along the lee;
They reached Lord Buchan's lofty towers
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate;
To whom the Graeme did say,
'Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night?
Or did he pass this way?'

'Last day, at noon,' Matilda said,
Sir James the Rose passed by:
He furious pricked his sweaty steed.
And onward fast did hye.

By this he is at Edinburgh,
If horse and man hold good.'
Your page, then, lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.'

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair:
'Brave Rose, thou art betrayed;
And ruined by those means,' she cried,
'From whence I hoped thine aid!'

By this the valiant knight awoke;
The virgin's shrieks he heard;
And up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appeared.

'Your sword last night my brother slew;
His blood yet dims its shine:
And ere the setting of the sun,
Your blood shall reek on mine.'

'You word it well,' the chief replied;
'But deeds approve the man:
Set by your band, and, hand to hand,
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden-field,
When you kept in the rear.'

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dared him to the fight:
Then Graeme gave back, and feared his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword:
But still he scorned the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,
And pierced him in the side:
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall:
'Oh spare his life!' she cried;
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
Let her not be denied!'

Her well known voice the hero heard;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fix them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

'In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest denied:
My race is run—adieu, my love'—
Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew:
'I come, Sir James the Rose,' she cried;
'I come to follow you!'

She leaned the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

This version of a very curious old ballad is copied from the volume of "Scottish Ballads, collected and illustrated by Robert Chambers." It has been printed in various forms, but without any authentic information regarding it's authorship or antiquity. Even the locality is disputed by the annotators, Buchan laying the scene in Billsbury, and Chambers in Paris, "fair Parish." A fragment in the "Border Minstrelsy" entitled the "Wife of Usher's Well" has been evidently interwoven herein by Mr. Chambers.

O I WILL sing to you a sang,
Will grieve your heart full sair;
How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford
Have to learn some unco lear.

They hadna been in fair Parish
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love
Wi' the Mayor's dauchters twae.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang;
There was mair mirth in that chamber,
Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

But word's gane to the michty Mayor,
As he sailed on the sea,
That the Clerk's twa sons made licht lemans
O' his fair dauchters twae.

'If they hae wranged my twa dauchters,
Janet and Marjorie,
The morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
Hie hangit they shall be.'

And word's gane to the Clerk himself,
As he was drinking wine,
That his twa sons at fair Parish
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up and spak the Clerk's ladye,
And she spak tenderlie:
'O tak wi' ye a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three;
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Henry hame to me.'

O sweetly sang the nightingale,
As she sat on the wand;
But sair, sair mourned Owsenford,
As he gaed in the strand.

When he came to their prison strang,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shot-window,
His sons were looking out.

'O lie ye there, my sons,' he said,
'For owsen or for kye?
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie?'

'We lie not here for owsen, father;
Nor yet do we for kye;
But it's for a little o' dear-boucht love,
Sae sair bound as we lie.

'Oh, borrow us, borrow us, father,' they said,
'For the luve we bear to thee!'
'O never fear, my pretty sons,
Weel borrowed ye shall be.'

Then he's gane to the michty Mayor,
And he spak courteouslie:
'Will ye grant my twa sons' lives,
Either for gold or fee?

Or will ye be sae gude a man,
As grant them baith to me?'

'I'll no grant ye your twa sons' lives,
Neither for gold nor fee;
Nor will I be sae gude a man,
As gie them baith to thee;
But before the morn at twal o'clock,
Ye'll see them hangit hie!'

Ben it came the Mayor's dauchters,
Wi' kirtle coat, alone;
Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,
As they tripped on the stone.

'Will ye gie us our loves, father,
For gold, or yet for fee?
Or will ye take our own sweet lives,
And let our true loves be?'

He's taen a whip into his hand,
And lashed them wondrous sair:
'Gae to your bowers, ye vile limmers;
Ye'se never see them mair.'

Then out it speaks auld Owsenford,
A sorry man was he:
'Gang to your bouirs, ye lilye flouirs;
For a' this maunna be.'

Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry:
'Come here, Janet, to me;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?'

'Ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine.'
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

Then out it speaks him gay William:
'Come here, sweet Marjorie;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?'

'Yes, ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine.'
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

'O ye'll tak aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
Till ye are putten doun.'

The bonnie clerks they died that morn;
Their loves died lang ere noon;
And the waefu' Clerk o' Owsenford
To his lady has gane hame.

His lady sat on her castle wa',
Beholding dale and doun;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Come walking to the toun.

'Ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
Ye're welcome hame to me;
But where away are my twa sons?
Ye suld hae brought them wi' ye.'

'O they are putten to a deeper lear,
And to a higher scule;
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule.'

'Oh sorrow, sorrow, come mak my bed;
And, dule, come lay me down;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on groun'!'

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights wer lang and mirk,
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneuch.

'Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.

'O eat and drink, my merry-men a',
The better shall ye fare;
For my two sons they are come hame
To me for evermair.'

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.

But the young cock crew in merry Linkum,
And the wild fowl chirped for day;
And the aulder to the younger said,
'Brother, we maun away.

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.'

'Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day.'

* * * *

O its they've taen up their mother's mantil,
And they've hung it on a pin;
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,
Ere ye hap us again.'

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

This fine old ballad, giving a most spirited and graphic description of a sea-fight, is taken from Percy's "Reliques." The incident on which it is founded, and the names themselves are historical. The story may be found in the English Chronicles for the year 1511, but the ballad is probably a century more modern.

When Flora with her flagrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
Came to present the month of Maye;
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

'O yee are welcome, rich merchànts;
Good saylors, welcome unto mee.'
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchànts they could not bee:
'To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware.'

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
'I thought he had not beene in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright.'
The merchants sighed, and said, 'Alas!'
And thus they did their answer frame,
'He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.'

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
And an angrye look then looked hee:
'Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will feitch yond traitor unto mee?'
'Yea, that dare I,' Lord Howard sayes;
'Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it please you grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man.'

'Thou art but yong;' the kyng replyed:
'Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.'
'Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare.'
'Then bowmen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

The first man, that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
'Peter,' sais hee, 'I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.'

'If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my mark one shilling bread.'
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame;
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.

'Horseley,' sayd he, 'I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea;
And now of a hundred bowemen brave,
To be the head I have chosen thee.'
'If you,' quoth hee, 'have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
On your main-màst Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.'

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage,' he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

'Thou must tell me,' Lord Howard said,
'Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came.'
'My name is Henry Hunt,' quoth hee,
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
'I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne.'

'Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?'
Then ever he sighed, and sayd, 'Alas!
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.'

'As I was sayling upon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his hachborde he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.'

'That shall not need,' Lord Howard sais;
'Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three.'
'Nowe God forefend,' the merchant said,
That you shold seek soe far amisse!
God keepe ye out of that traitor's hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

'He is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrew's crosse that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

'Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.'
'This is cold comfort,' sais my lord,
'To welcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee.'

'Then a nobler gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee;
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.'

'And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke,
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrew Barton knight.
His hacheborde it was 'gilt' with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
'Nowe by my faith,' Lord Howard sais,
'This is a gallant sight to see.

'Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants used to sayle the sea.'
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
'What English churles are yonder,' he sayd,
'That can so litle curtesye?'

'Nowe by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way.'
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
'Fetch back yond pedlars nowe to mee;
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang at my maine-mast tree.'

With that the pinnace itt shott off,
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
'Come hither, Simon,' sayes my lord,
'Looke that thy word be true, thou said:
For at my maine-mast thou sha'l hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.'

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold,
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great shott lesse, and moe;
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott:
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
'Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell.'
When my lord sawe Sir Andrew loose,
Within his heart hee was full faine:
'Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine.'

'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sais,
'Weale howsoever this geere will sway;
Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seek me on the sea.'
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.'

Then Henry Hunt with rigour hott
Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove down his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
'Nowe, out alas!' Sir Andrew cryed,
'What may a man now thinke, or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.'

'Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,'
That aye wast readye att my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.'
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
'Horseley, see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.'

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleede:
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

'Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sister's sonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.'
With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arròwe
Pierced the Hambilton through the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, 'Well-away!
Alas, a comelye youth is slaine!'
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
'Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

'Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware;
And when he had on his armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see:
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brother, could cope with thee.'

'Come hither, Horseley,' sayes my lord,
'And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
[illegible] d for it thou shalt be made a knight.'

'Ile shoot my best,' quoth Horseley then,
'Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
But if I were hangd at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.'

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Hoseley spyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sayes,
'A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.
Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sayes,
'And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's crosse
Untill you heare my whistle blowe.'

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, 'Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew s dead.
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maim'd or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrew's head,
'I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
'Wherever thou land this will bury thee.'

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;

'Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace
As never did subject to a king:

'Sir Andrew's shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warr,
Before in England was but one.'
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
'And where,' said he, 'is the rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?'

'The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne.'

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
'In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrew's jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight,
As Howards erst have beene before.

'Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done.'
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight;
They weend that he were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
'I wold give,' quoth the king, 'a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead:
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.'

FRENNET HALL.

In Herd's collection of "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs," this ballad may be found, published there without note or comment. Whatever poetical merit it may have, it is very meagre in its details. It does not even allude to the mode in which the Lady Frennet cruelly and inhospitably put her young guest to death, although the Scottish historians, and some ballad-makers after them, have detailed the circumstances, as they occured in 1630. She lodged them in a tower, and having secured the doors and windows, set fire to it, and burned them. Some versions describe this fearful catastrophe with a minuteness terribly graphic.

When Frennet Castle's ivied walls
Through yellow leaves were seen;
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whase branches to the angry blast
Were soughing mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,
When prey beneath is seen:
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

'O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa'!
Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hasting to the ha'.'

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Until she left the forest's skirts
A long bow-shot and mair.

'O where, O where, my good Lord John,
O tell me where ye ride?
Within my castle-wall this nicht
I hope ye mean to bide.

'Kind nobles, will ye but alicht,
In yonder bower to stay,
Soft ease shall teach you to forget
The hardness of the way.

'Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you know your husband deir
Was by our father slain:

'The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,
Within your bosom swell:
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
Should this black passion quell.'

'O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I will you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.

'Bear witness, a' ye powers on high!
Ye lights that 'gin to shine!
This nicht shall prove the sacred cord
That knits your faith and mine.'

The lady slie, with honey'd words,
Enticed the youths to stay;
But morning sun ne'er shone upon
Lord John and Rothiemay.

KING ESTMERE.

Dr. Percy, from the fourth edition of whose "Reliques" this interesting ballad is quoted, styles it an "Old Romantic Legend." Nothing is known of its original authorship.

Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Alder younge,
The tother was King Estmere;
They were as bold men in their deeds,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within King Estmeres halle;
'When will we marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to glad us all?'

Then bespake him King Estmere,
And answered him hastilee;
'I know not that lady in any land
That's able to marrye with mee.'

'King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were king here in your stead,
That lady shold be my queene.'

Saies, 'Reade me, reade me, dear brother,
Throughout merry England:
Where we might find a messenger,
Betwixt us towe to sende.'

Saies, 'You shall ryde yourselfe, brothèr
Ile beare you companye;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.'

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when they came to King Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adlands hall
Before the goodlye gate,
There they came to good King Adlànd
Rearing himself theratt.

'Now Christ thee save, good King Adland,
Now Christ you save and see,'
Sayd, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right heartilye to mee.'

'You have a daughter,' said Alder younge,
'Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.'

'Yesterday was att my deere daughtèr
Syr Bremor the King of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.'

'The King of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.'

'But grant to me,' sayes King Estmere,
'For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.'

'Although itt is seven years and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake,
To glad my guestès alle.'

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye ring on her small fingèr
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies' 'God you save, my deere madàm;'
Saies, 'God you save and see.'
Said, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

'And if you love me as you saye,
Soe well and heartilee.
All that ever you are comen about
Soon sped now itt shall be.'

Then bespake her father deare;
'My daughter, I say naye;
Remember well the King of Spayne.
What he sayde yesterdaye.

'He would pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe,
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.'

'Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of the King of Spayne
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

'Plight me your trothe, nowe, King Estmère,
By heaven and youre righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.'

Then King Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That married they might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the King of Spayne,
With kempès many a one.

But in did come the King of Spayne,
With many a bold barònè,
Tone day to marry King Adlands daughter,
Tother day to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after King Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must turn again and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne;
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

'Tydings, tydings, King Estmere!'
'What tydinges nowe, my boye?'
'O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

'You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the King of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

'But in did come the King of Spayne,
With manye a bolde barònè,
Tone day to marry King Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

'My ladye fayre she greets you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladyè.'

Saies, 'Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
My reade shall rise at thee,

Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or to go home and loose my ladyè.'

'Now hearken to me,' sayes Alder younge,
'And your reade must rise at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

'My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

'There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

'His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

'And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye;
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

'And you shal be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I wil be the best singèr
That ever sung in this lande.

'Itt shal be written in our foreheads
All and in gramaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentyè.'

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On tow good renish steedes;
And whan they came to King Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan they came to King Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Saies, 'Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;
Saies, 'Christ thee save and see.'

'Now you be welcome,' sayd the portèr,
'Of what land soever ye bee.'

'Wee beene harpers,' sayd Adler younge,
'Come out of the northe countrye;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.'

Sayd, 'And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wolde say King Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.'

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
'And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.'

Sore he looked on King Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.'

King Estmere he stabled his steede
So fayre att the hall bord;
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light on King Eremors beard.

Saies, 'Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,'
Saies, 'Stable him in the stalle:
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kings halle.'

'My ladde he is so lither,' he said,
'He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate?'

'Thou speakst proud words,' sayes the King of Spayne,
'Thou harper, here to mee:
There is a man within this halle
Will beat thy ladde and thee.'

'O let that man come downe,' he said,
'A sight of him wold I see;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladde,
Then he shall beate of mee.'

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe,' said the King of Spayne,
'Howe nowe, what aileth thee?'
He saies, 'It is writt in his forhead
Ali and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.'

Then King Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And playd a pretty thinge:
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

'Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For Gods love I pray thee,
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till my bryde from mee.'

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, 'Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringès all,
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As heere bee ringes in the hall.'

'What wold ye do with my harpe,' he sayd,
'If I did sell it yee?'
'To play my wiffe and me a Fitt,
When abed together wee bee.'

'Now sell me,' quoth hee, 'thy bryde so gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.'

'And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee?'
'More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lay by mee then thee.'

Hee playd agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did sing,
'O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
Noe harper, but a king.

'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
Who partes thy love and thee.'

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
'Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our king,
And therefore yee shall dye.'

King Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler younge,
Righte stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swords soe sore can byte,
Through help of gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

King Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to leade his life.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

Our copy is taken from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," but of this very ancient ballad there are several versions in existence, under various names. One annotator, Mr. Jamieson, gives in his collection a parody upon it, being a most decisive proof of its great popularity. It was probably founded on some actual occurrence.

There were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a'thing;

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister faire;

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
'Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?'—

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river strand;

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest came and push'd her in;

She took her by the middle sma',
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;

'O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land.'—

'O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land;

'Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twin'd me, and my world's make.'—

'O sister, reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love.'—

'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
And sweet William shall better be my love.

'Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair.'—

Sometimes she sunk, sometimes she swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam;

'Oh father, father, draw your dam!
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white-swan.'—

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drowned woman;

You could not see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;

You could not see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;

And when he look'd that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;

He made a harp of her breast bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Whose notes made sad the listening ear.

He brought it to her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all;

He laid his harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone;

'Oh yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.'

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie
Was—'Woe to my sister, false Helen!'—
By the bonny mill dams of Binnorie.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL.

This is another extract from Scott's "Minstrelsy," wherein it is given "without alteration or improvement," the original having been "handed down by tradition in its present imperfect state." Very many and various are the versions of it, that have been published. The sad catastrophe upon which the ballad was founded, was this—A lady of the name of Helen Irving or Bell—the daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell in Dumfries-shire, celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other is unknown. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her breast the bullet, and died in his arms. Some accounts say that Fleming slew the murderer on the spot, others, that he followed him to Madrid, and there took his revenge. Returning to Scotland, he is said to have died beside the grave of his unfortunate mistress. The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the church-yard of Kirconnell, and upon the tomb-stone may still be read,

"Hic jacet Adam Fleming."

PART FIRST.

O! SWEETEST sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near the grave,
And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!

There did she swoone wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma,'
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;

Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

This charming ballad was composed a few years since, by Mr. Wiffen, a member of the Society of Friends, and was published originally in one of the London Annuals. It is founded on a popular supers ition, and a family tradition. The Musgraves of Eden-Hall in Cumberland, preserve to this day an old drinking glass, enamelled in colours, said to have been seized by one of their ancestors from a company of fairies, who were sporting in a garden. After an ineffectual struggle to recover it, the fairies are said to have vanished into thin air, repeating the refrain,

"If that glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall."

On Eden's wild romantic bowers,
The summer moon-beams sweetly fall,
And tint with yellow light the towers—
The stately towers of Eden-Hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,
A lady at her lattice sits,
And trims her taper's wavering light,
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute
Beguile the weary moments now;
And little seems the lay to suit
Her wistful eye and anxious brow.

For as the chord her finger sweeps,
Oft-times she checks her simple song,
To chide the forward chance that keeps
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long.

And listens as the wind sweeps by,
His steed's familiar step to hear—
Peace, beating heart! 'twas but the cry
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower; fast weep
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale;
Thy cherished hero lies asleep—
Asleep in distant Russendale!

The noon was sultry, long the chase—
And when the wild stag stood at bay;
Burbek reflected from its face
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie
Up many a hill his courser strain,
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,
His verdant bowers and halls again.

But twilight deepens—o'er the wolds
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,
And now the haunted forest holds
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight;
He blows his bugle, but the call
Roused Echo mocks: fareweil, to-night,
The homefelt joys of Eden-hall!

His steed he to an alder ties,
His limbs he on the greensward flings;
And, tired and languid, to his eyes
Woos sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer—a sigh, in murmurs faint,
He whispers to the passing air;
The Ave to his patron saint—
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'Twas well that in that Elfin wood
He breathed the supplicating charm,
Which binds the Guardians of the good
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale Lady staid
Her chariot o'er th' accustomed oak,
Than murmurs in the mystic shade
The slumberer in his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread—
His crouching greyhound whined with fear;
And quaked the wild fern round his head,
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale
On glade and hillock, flower and tree;
And sweet the gurgling nightingale
Poured forth her music, wild and free.

Sudden her notes fell hushed, and near
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring;
And, in gay cavalcade, appear
The Fairies round their Fairy King.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more
Were there in silk and steel arrayed;
And each a ruby helmet wore,
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,
On milk white steeds, brought up their Queen;
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,
Their kirtles all of Lincoln green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,
A sapphire or a topaz crown;
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,
Which their own tercel-gents struck down.

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare;
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade
Grew florid as they passed along,
And not a sound their bridles made
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit;—the knights advance,
And in quaint order, one by one,
Each leads his lady forth to dance,—
The timbrels sound—the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,
A daisy or a blue-bell springs;
And not a dew drop shines o'erhead,
But falls within their charmed rings.

'The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favorite tree;
If now one lady wears a frown,
A false and froward shrew is she!

'There's not a smile we Fays let fall
But swells the tide of human bliss;
And if good luck attends our call,
'Tis due on such sweet night as this.

'The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favorite tree;
If now even Oberon wears a frown,
A false and froward churl is he!'

Thus sing the Fays;—Lord Musgrave hears
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes
The radiant show, despite the fears
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft—the minstrelsy declines;
The morris ceases—sound the shaums!
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand;
And underneath the greenwood bower,
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

'To banquet ho!' the seneschals
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees
At sound of cymbals, to their calls
Consort beneath the leafy trees.

Titania by her king, each knight
Beside his ladye love; the page
Behind his 'scutcheon'd lord,—a bright
Equipment on a brilliant stage!

The monarch sits;—all helms are doffed,
Plumes, scarfs and mantles cast aside;
And to the sound of music soft,
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
Or livelier hyppocras they sip;
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With 'nod, and beck, and wreathed smile,'
They heap their jeweled patines high;
Nor want they mirthful airs the while
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the wassail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offered up:

'Health to our sovereign!—fill, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim!
There's joy—in every drop there's joy
That laughs within its charmed rim!

''Twas wrought within a wizard's mould,
When signs and spells had happiest power;—
Health to our King by wood and wold!
Health to our Queen in hall and bower!'

They rise—the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild-wood echoes to their brawl,—
'Health to our King by wold and rill!
Health to our Queen in bower and hall!'

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—
So help him all the Powers of Light,—
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright!

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,
The fourth it seats him on his steed;
'Now, Courser! or thy lord is lost—
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed!'

'Tis uproar all around, behind,—
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay,
'The charmed cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife,—away! away!'

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they passed;
But forward still good Musgrave kept,—
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore;
But when the farther bank was gained,
This song the passing whirlwind bore:

'Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight!
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight!—
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!'

The forest cleared, he winds his horn,—
Rock, wood, and wave return the din!
And soon, as though by echo borne,
His gallant Squires come pricking in.

'Tis dusk of day;—in Eden's towers
A mother o'er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,—
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,—
And charms away the lady's cares,
And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

'Sleep sweetly, babe!' 'twas heard to
say;
'But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray!—
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!

Though years on years have taken flight,
Good-fortune's still the Musgrave's
thrall;
Hail to his vantage in the fight!
All hail the LUCK OF EDEN-HALL!

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

We are indebted to the volume of "Scottish Ballads," edited by Robert Chambers, for our copy of this pathetic and popular ballad. The mourning victim, it is now well established, was the daughter of Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, at the Reformation. She was eminently beautiful Her betrayer was the Honourable Sir Alexander Erskine, a son of the seventh Earl of Mar. He was considered the handsomest man of his age, as a portrait of him now in existence, testifies. During the religious troubles in Scotland, he proved himself as disloyal in politics as in love, having been prevailed on by the Covenanters to take command of one of their regiments. He met with an untimely end, having been blown up at the Castle of Dunglass, in Berwickshire, "a judgment upon him," says tradition, "for his treatment of the unhappy lady."

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip;
If thou'se be silent, I'se be glad;
Thy maining maks my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy;
Thy father breids me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His feignings false and flattering cheir
To me that time did not appeir:
But now I see, most cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Lie still, my darling; sleip awhile,
And when thou wakest, sweetlie smile:
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yet I feir, thou wilt gae neir
Thy father's heart and face to beir.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
Let nevir any, after me,
Submit unto thy courtesie:
For, if they do, Oh, cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

I was too credulous at first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst.
Thou swore forever true to prove,
Thy faith unchanged, unchanged thy love;
But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise noucht.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee;
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart.
The too soon trusting, latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Oh, do not, do not, prettie mine,
To feignings false thy heart incline.
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new:
If good or fair, of her have care;
For women's banning's wondrous sair.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy: thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd.
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Prefers the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Yet I can't chuse, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still:
Where'er he gae, where'er he ride,
My luve with him doth still abide:
In weel or wae, where'er he gae,
My heart can ne'er depart him frae.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Then curse him not: perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death: for who can tell,
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe, has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip,

I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lies smothered in his wounds—
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he called his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy! I'll weip for thee;
Too soon, alas, thou'lt weip for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum—
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, an outcast's name!
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

It would be superfluous to say a word as to the merits of this well-known ballad: its simple beauty has won too many hearts to render eulogium necessary. It's author is not so generally known. It is the composition of the late Lady Barnard, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras. It was written about the year 1772, and for fifty years the secret of its authorship was preserved. In 1823, two years before her death, Lady Barnard acknowledged it as her composition in a letter to Walter Scott.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coud'na win;
And Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me!'

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

THE CONTINUATION.

THE wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
May be it was despair I fancied was content.
They said my cheek was wan; I cou'dna look to see—
For oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaed it me.

My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;
But that which griev'd me maist, it was auld Robin Gray;
Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',
It wasted like a brae, o'er which the torrents fa.'

He gaed into his bed—nae physic would he take;
And oft he moan'd and said 'It,s better, for her sake.'
At length he look'd upon me, and called me his 'ain dear,'
And beckon'd round the neighbors as if his hour drew near.

'I've wronged her sair,' he said, 'but ken't the truth o'er late;
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart that was ill-match'd wi' me.

'I looed and sought to win her for mony a lang day;
I had her parents' favour, but still she said me nay:
I knew na Jamie's luve; and oh! it's sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!

'O what cared I for Crummie! I thought nought but of thee,
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luve and me.
While she maintain'd ye a', was you not heard to say,
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

'But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

'It was na very lang ere a' did come to light;
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me;
Jenny! I saw it a'—and oh, I'm glad to dee!

'Is Jamie come?' he said; and Jamie by us stood—
'Ye loo each other weel—oh, let me do some good!
I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine.'

We kissed his clay-cold hands—a smile came o'er his face;
'He's pardon'd,' Jamie said, 'before the throne o' grace.
Oh, Jenny! see that smile—forgi'en I'm sure is he,
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?'

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,
While tears were in my een, I kent mysel nae mair;
For, oh! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more!
We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
And Jamie, oh! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.

ELFINLAND WUD.

FORTUNATELY a glossary is appended to this curious ballad, or it would, otherwise, be difficult to comprehend it. Mr. Motherwell, it's author, wrote it avowedly as an imitation of the "old style," but we think he has overshot his mark, and in giving it too much quaintness, he has sacrificed the charming simplicity, which characterizes his original. We know not on what tradition his subject is founded.

ERL WILLIAM has muntit his gude grai stede,
(Merrie lemis munelicht on the sea,)
And graithit him in ane cumli weid.
(Swa bonnilie blumis the hawthorn tree.)

Erl William rade, Erl William ran—
(Fast they ryde quha luve trewlie,)
Quhyll the Elfinland wun that gude Erl wan—
(Blink ower the burn, sweit may, to mee.)

Elfinland wud is dern and dreir,
(Merrie is the grai goukis sang,)
Bot ilk ane leafis quhyt as silver cleir,
(Licht makis schoirt the road swa lang.)

It is undirneth ane braid aik tree,
(Hey and a lo, as the leavis grow grein,)
Thair is kythit ane bricht ladie,
(Many flowris blume quhilk ar nocht seen.)

Around hir slepis the quhyte muneschyne,
(Meik is mayden undir kell,)
Her lips bin lyke the blude reid wyne;
(The rois of flowris hes sweitest smell.)

It was al bricht quhare that ladie stude,
(Far my luve, fure ower the sea.)
Bot dern is the lave of Elfinland wud,
(The knicht pruvit false that ance luvit me.)

The ladie's handis were quhyte als milk,
(Ringis my luve wore mair nor ane.)
Her skin was safter nor the silk;
(Lilly bricht schinis my luvis halse bane.)

Save you, save you, fayr ladie,
(Gentil hert schawis gentil deed.)
Standand alane undir this auld tree;
(Deir till knicht is nobil steid.)

Burdalane, if ye dwall here,
(My hert is layed upon this land.)
I wuld like to live your fere;
(The schippis cum sailin to the strand.)

Nevir ane word that ladie sayd;
(Shortest rede hes least to mend.)
Bot on hir harp she evir playd;
(Thare nevir was mirth that had nocht end.)

Gang ye eist, or fare ye wast,
(Ilka stern blinkis blythe for thee,)
Or tak ye the road that ye like best,
(Al trew feeris ryde in cumpanie.)

Erl William loutit doun full lowe;
(Luvis first seid bin curtesie.)
And swung hir owir his saddil bow,
(Ryde quha listis, ye'll link with mee.)

Scho flang her harp on that auld tree,
(The wynd pruvis aye ane harpir gude.)
And it gave out its music free;
(Birdis sing blythe in gay grein wud.)

The harp playde on its leeful lane,
(Lang is my luvis yellow hair,)
Quhill it has charmit stock and stane,
(Furth by firth, deir lady fare.)

Quhan scho was muntit him behynd,
(Blyth be hertis quhilkis luve ilk uthir.)
Awa thai flew lyke flaucht of wind;
(Kin kens kin, and bairnis thair mither.)

Nevir ane word that ladie spak;
(Mim be maydins men besyde.)
Bot that stout steid did nicher and schaik;
(Smal thingis humbil hertis of pryde.)

About his breist scho plet her handis;
(Luvand be maydins quhan thai lyke.)
Bot thay were cauld as yron bandis;
(The winter bauld bindis seuch and syke.)

Your handis ar cauld, fayr ladie, sayd hee,
(The caulder hand the trewer hairt.)
I trembil als the leif on the tree;
(Licht caussis muve ald friendis to pairt.)

Lap your mantil owir your heid,
(My luve was clad in the reid scarlett,)
And spredd your kirtil owir my stede;
(Thair nevir was joie that had nae lett.)

The ladie scho wald nocht dispute;
(Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane ung .
But caulder hir fingeris about him cruik.
(Sum sangis ar writt, bot nevir sung.)

This Elfinland Wud will neir haif end;
(Hunt quha listis, daylicht for mee.)

I wuld I culd ane strang bow ben
(Al undirneth the grein wud t

Thai rade up aud they rade doun,
(Wearilie wearis wan nicht av
Erl William's heart mair cauld is
(Hey, luve mine, quhan da
day!)

Your hand lies cauld on my briest
(Smal hand hes my lady fair,)
My horss he can nocht stand his l
(For cauldness of this midnicht

Erl William turnit his head abcut
(The braid mune schinis in l
cleir.)
Twa Elfin een are glentin owt,
(My luvis een like twa sternis

Twa brennand eyne, sua bricht ar
(Bonnilie blinkis my ladeis ee,
Flang fire flauchtis fra ane peelit s
(Sum sichts ar ugsomlyk to se

Twa rawis of quhyt teeth then did
(Cauld the boysteous windis sal
'Oh, lang and weary is our way,
(And donkir yet the dew maun

Fair owir mure, and fair owir fell,
(Hark the sounding huntsmen t
Thorow dingle, and thorow dell,
(Luve, come, list the merlis sa

Thorow fire, and thorow flude,
(Mudy mindis rage lyk a sea;
Thorow slauchtir, thorow blude,
(A seamless shrowd weird sch
me!)

And to rede aricht my spell,
Eerilie sal nicht wyndis moan,
Quhill fleand Hevin and raikand I
Ghaist with ghaist maun wan

GLOSSARY.—Muntit, *mounted*. Gude, *good*. Lemis, *gleams, scintillates*. Graithit, *dressed*
hidden, secret, dark. Swa, *so*. Quha, *who*. Quhyll, *while*. Grai goukis sang, *song of the "cuck*
Ilk ane, *each, every one*. Ilka has the same signification. Quhyt, *white*. Schoirt, lang, *sh*
mid aik tree, broad oak tree. Kythit, *discovered*. Quhilk, nocht, *which, not*. Kell, *a wom*

dress. The rois, *the rose*. Stude, *stood*. Fure, *fared*. Bot dern is the lave, *but dark, or hidden, is the remainder*. Als, *as*. Mair nor ane, *more than one*. Schinis, halse bane, *shines, collar bone*. Hert, schawis, *heart, show*. Standand alane, *standing alone*. Till, *to*. Burdalane, a term used to denote one who is the only child left in a family; *bird alone*, or solitary. Layed, "lay," means *basis*, or *foundation*; and the signification of "layed," here, is *fixed*, I think, or *set*. Fere, *a companion*. Schortest rede hes least to mend, *shortest counsel has least to expiate*. Nocht, *not*. Gang, eist, wast, *go, east, west*. Stern, *star*. Loutit, *stooped*. Seid, bin, *offspring, is*. Scho, *she*. Its leeful lane, *by itself alone*. Furth by firth, *forth, abroad by frith*. Blyth be hertes quhilkis luve ilk uthur, *blithe be hearts which love each other*. Flaucht, *gust*, and also *flake*. Bairnis, mither, *children, mother*. Mim, *affectedly modest or coy, prim*. Nicher, *neigh*. Quhan thai lyke, *when they choose*. Bauld, sheuch, *bold, a furrow or ditch*. Syke, *a rill, or rivulet, usually dry in summer*. Hairt, *heart*. Ald, pairt, *old, part*. Nae lett, *no obstruction, no hinderance*. Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane tung, *she who lacks a tongue, is not a woman*. Sangis, *songs*. Haif, *have*. Qnhan dawis the day, *when breaks the day*. Braid mune, *broad moon*. Lift, *the firmament*. Glentin, *glancing, gleaming*. Brennand, *burning*. Fra ane peelit skull, *from a peeled skull*. Ugsomlyk, *very loathsome, disgusting*. Rawis, *rows*. Boysteous, *boisterous, blustering*. Donkir, *damper, danker*. Maun fa', *must fall*. The merlis sang, *the blackbird's song*. Flude, *flood*. Mudy, *moody*. Blude, *blood*. A seamless shrowd weird schaipis for me! *a seamless shroud fate, or destiny, prepares for me*. To rede aright my spell, *to explain aright my tale*. Eerilie, *awfully, drearily*. Sal, *shall*. Quhil fleand Hevin and raikand Hell, *while avoiding Heaven and ranging Hell*. Ghaist, *ghost*. Luvand, *loving, affectionate*.

THE TWA CORBIES.

THIS curious fragment is taken from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Another ballad, almost it's counterpart, and entitled "The Three Ravens," was published by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs." The latter, however has a more pleasant moral than that conveyed in our version, inasmuch as "the hawk, the hound, and the lady fair," are therein pourtrayed guarding instead of deserting the body of the slain knight.

As I was walking all alane,'
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'—

'In behint yon auld fail dyke,'
I wot their lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane;
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady has ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane shall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair.'

HENGIST AND MEY.

The author of this ballad was William Julius Mickle, who translated into English the Lusiad of Camoens, with much credit to himself. The names that occur, point to the early period of English history, when the incidents may be supposed to have occurred.

In ancient days, when Arthur reigned,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies loved so dear.

His sister, Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they loved, in vain they vowed;
Her heart they could not move:
Yet at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw—the abbess knew,
And urged her to explain:
'O name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I'll gain.'

Long urged, long tried, fair Mey replied,
'His name—how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
Has 'rapt my heart away.

'But once, alas! and never more,
His lovely form I 'spied;
One evening by the sounding shore,
All by the green-wood side.

'His eyes to mine the love confest,
That glowed with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
Bespoke his princely race.

'But when he heard my brother's horn,
Fast to his ship he fled;
Yet, while I sleep, his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

'Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
He leads the sprightly dance.

'His hair, as black as raven's wing;
His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow.

'His limbs, his arms, his stature shaped
By nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love, and to command.'

The live-long year, fair Mey bemoaned
Her hopeless, pining love:
But when the balmy spring returned,
And summer clothed the grove,

All round by pleasant Humber side,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates
The spearmen came in view.

Fair blushed the morn, when Mey looked o'er
The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Leaned on his burnished lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obeyed his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flowed;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glowed.

And soon, the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs.

'Oh, thou! for whom I dared the seas,
And came with peace or war;
Oh! by that cross that veils thy breast,
Relieve thy lover's care!

'For thee, I'll quit my father's throne;
With thee, the wilds explore;
Or with thee share the British crown;
With thee, the Cross adore.'

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So, blushing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When, with a parting, dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veiled the snowy breast,
With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
Have fixed on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's marched across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He joined King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shout and clang of arms
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dressed in Odin's garb,
Assumed the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew,
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swelled his breast,
His eyes shot living fire!
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagined rival's front,
With whirlwind speed he pressed,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave away;—the princely youth
With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bowed his head, slow dropped his spear
The reins slipped through his hand;
And, stained with blood—his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

'O bear me off (Sir Elmer cried);
Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim as victor's right.'

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

'O, wash my wounds, my sister dear;
O, pull this Saxon dart,

That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
Has almost pierced my heart.

'Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
And Britons yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn.'

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest;
'O, Merlin!' loud she cried;
'Thy words are true—my sl ught ered love
Shall have a breathless bride!

'Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
Oh! Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
My brother bleeds and dies!'

She spake,—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirit fled:
So, nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows its head!

Yet parting life one struggle gave,—
She lifts her languid eyes;
'Return, my Hengist! oh, return,
My slaughtered love!' she cries.

'Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
With all his grace he moves:
I come—I come where bow nor spear
Shall more disturb our loves!'

She spake—she died! The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side;
And thrice he called his sister Mey,
And thrice he groaned,—and died!

Where in the dale a moss-grown Cross,
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighboring groves
The turtles wail, in widowed notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

THE END.

ER
JL

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